

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

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Sunday, Jan. 14, 1934



The Wedding of Mary and Joseph, a Quaint and Unusual Illustration From the Abyssinian Bible.

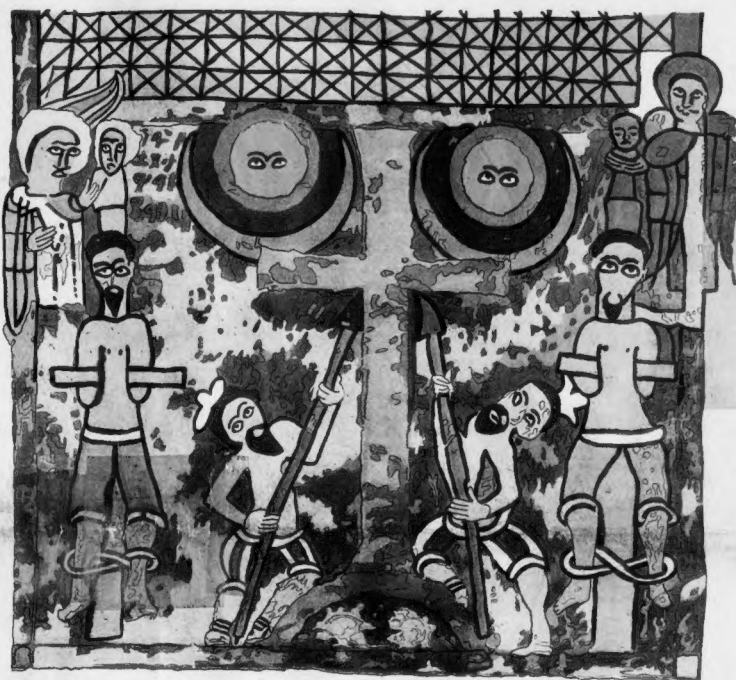


The Babe in the Manger, With the Three Shepherds Seen in the Foreground.



Solomon Dancing at the Beheading of John the Baptist; the Face of Solomon Is Not Shown.

Pictures from "Queen of Sheba's Bible"



The Crucifixion, from the "Queen of Sheba's Bible." The Two Thieves Are Shown on Their Crosses, But the Central Cross Is Bare, Following the Abyssinian Tradition of Not Picturing the Saviour Crucified. The Sun and Moon Are Shown Behind the Cross.

A BIBLE which is the only one of its kind in the world has recently been brought to the United States. Known to collectors as "The Queen of Sheba's Bible," it was written and illustrated about the end of the fourteenth century for the Princess Zige-ganella of Abyssinia, who claimed direct descent from the adventurous Queen who journeyed to Jerusalem to see King Solomon in all his glory. The Princess claimed equal descent from King Solomon as the result of her royal great-great-grandmother's romantic visit.

The book is especially valuable for the twenty-three pages of quaint old illustrations it contains. These are illuminations, pictures in color, done by Abyssinian monks in the Monastery of Dabbi-Durt, the nunnery attached to which the Princess later entered, taking the name of Barbara.

The text is a translation of the Four Gospels in Ethiopic, the literary language of Abyssinia. The volume was the special gift of the Princess to the monastery.

One of the most unusual of these pictures is that of the "Birth of Jesus," reproduced upon this page in its original colors. Another is the wedding of Mary and Joseph, rarely essayed by any of the old monks in their Bible illustrations. The Massacre of the Innocents is shown quite awfully, and the Beheading of John the Baptist and Solomon's dancing have the same strong, though primitively crude, touch. The artist does not show John at all, only Solomon dancing, and even her face is hidden.

The strangest picture is that of the Crucifixion. The thieves are shown, but the Saviour's cross is bare. This is in accordance with a tradition of the Abyssinians that Jesus was too holy actually to suffer physical crucifixion. At one side of His cross is the moon and at the other the sun, looking upon the scene with human faces.

The Bible was taken from the ancient monastery when the Italians invaded Abyssinia in 1895-6. It was preserved for years by the family of the officer who took it, but at last has been sold. The illustrations from it are presented on this page through the courtesy of Gregor Aharon, of the Bonaventura Galleries in New York.



The Massacre of the Innocents by King Herod, a Realistic Treatment of the Biblical Story.

and cry. Who she is no one in that section of England seems to know definitely, but it is said that she is the spirit of a young bride who was the lady of the manor a couple of centuries ago and who died soon after she settled down to a life of gentility with the young, handsome and spirited master. A few well-meaning souls felt that they ought to warn the Ambassador when he arrived at Dorsetshire and tell



Miss Angela Ward, 18 Years Old, Who Has Been Chosen "Miss England, 1933." American Beauty Experts, While Admitting Her to Be Pretty, Are Wondering, Nevertheless, if the Choice Really Has Brought Out England's Prize Beauty, and Are Asking, "Is this girl, actually, the best they have?" This Studio Portrait of Miss England, 1933.

one and on the diamond the famed Mucketeers, and all for one," they usually smooch baseball. No brothers aspire to outshine their fathers, but in the future, although they hustle like a big league out to win on its way to a pennant. At least half of the Green Spanglies can pitch well as play every position in the infield and outfield and they are well known on the playing field. The Green Spanglies State for their skill at making double plays. The Green Spanglies baseball club is, it is not unique, it is the Green Spanglies of Michigan, there is another team made up of brothers and the Sibley boys.

The Sibleys, like the Spanglies, are made a hobby and something of a professional baseball player. Theodore, the father, is coach and manager and the boys have played the game since he was big enough to

ALEXANDER DJALILOVSKY, 71, and his 24-year-old bride, who is seated next to him, are both very happily married.

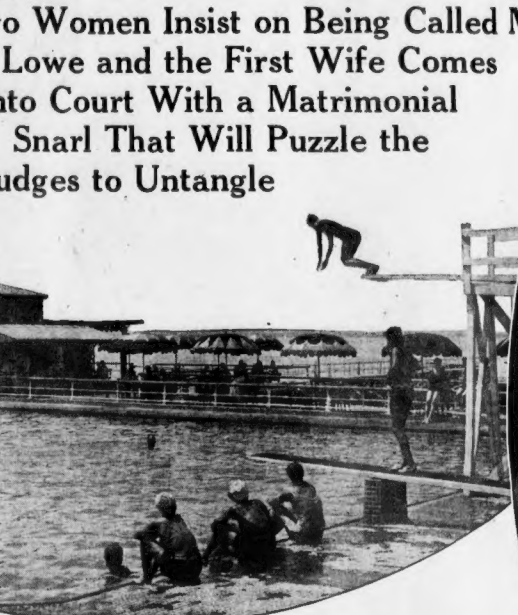
—JAY HICK — PHOTO

Alexander Djalilovsky, of Kispert, near Budapest, With His 24-Year-Old Bride, Who Is 71 Years Younger Than Her Husband, But Who Asserts They Are Both Very Happily Married.

Wealthy Mr. Lowe's Divorce Tangle

Mr. Henry Wheeler Lowe.

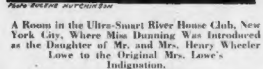
Two Women Insist on Being Called Mrs. Lowe and the First Wife Comes Into Court With a Matrimonial Snarl That Will Puzzle the Judges to Untangle



A Scene at the Exclusive Creek Club, Showing the Cabana or Bath House, Which the Original Mrs. Lowe Declared Her Successor Had No Right to Use Because They Are Reserved for Married Women.



"Marionmont," the Beautiful Country House at Fashionable Wheatley Hills, L. I., Which the First Mrs. Lowe Says She Paid for With Her Own Money.



"I HAVE no objections if my husband continues to reside with Mrs. Kathleen Dunning Dunning, but I insist that she be known as just Mrs. Dunning and not as Mrs. Henry Wheeler Lowe, which is my name, and mine only."

Pity the plight of the poor, rich lady who said this and used to be recognized everywhere as the one and only very fashionable Mrs. Henry Wheeler Lowe, of Long Island's most exclusive set. She says she still is the only authentic and bona-fide bearer of that proud name, but she is angry and amusements, the tradesmen, the postmen, the stewards of swanky clubs who know her perfectly well, society reporters, most everywhere, even the Social Register persist in addressing her by her name.

"This happened to be 'fairly important,'" she were plain Mrs. Bill Smith it would not matter, because there are others in the telephone book anyway. But the original Mrs. Lowe has a heavy investment in that name, having built it up ever since 1907 at a cost of \$50,000 a year. Now she has gone to court seeking protection for her vested interest, on the same principle that the copyright laws protect an author against plagiarism and "pirating."

When the indignant and unhappy pioneer Mrs. Lowe awoke in her apartment at 410 Park Ave., New York City, she decided to open the morning paper to the society columns which were once her joy. She is quite likely to read of the high-society doings of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Lowe at Wheatley Hills, Long Island, or one of the many clubs to which she belongs. Those are her husband, her home and her name, yet it is all news to her.

But confusion reaches into the second generation. The original Mrs. Lowe read that on Saturday, December 2, Miss Alice Dunning, daughter of her rival, had been introduced at the very exclusive River House Club as the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wheeler Lowe.

"Naturally," says the indignant first Mrs. Lowe, "everyone thought it was my daughter. My own daughter, Marie, was introduced to society on September 16, 1927, in the Piping

member of the River House Club in January, 1932, has asked the club to return her initiation fee. "They had no right to permit that strange woman to introduce her daughter under my name," she declared. "All day long the first Mrs. Lowe is reminded that someone has 'jumped her claim' to that title. The mail brings letters and bills meant for the other woman and the telephone rings with calls to which she answers icily: 'I presume you wish to speak to that woman, properly known as Mrs. Dunning.'"

The big stores of New York have found so much trouble over accounts of two wealthy customers by the name of Mrs. Henry Wheeler Lowe that they asked the first one to change her name to Mrs. Henry Lowe—and was that lady affronted!

"I have had accounts in the name of Mrs. Henry Wheeler Lowe since 1907," she said. "It is still my name, and if anyone is to change it, it will be Mrs. Dunning. Of course, I refused."

Since both ladies are good customers, the stores had to add a few warning tags to their card index systems and try to keep things straight. The listings in the rosters of the exclusive social clubs of which Mrs. Lowe is a member cause a series of unpleasant shocks to his first and, according to his own admission, perhaps only legitimate wife. In the past year Mrs. Dunning has been listed as Mrs. Henry Wheeler Lowe at the Piping Rock, the Creek, the Racquet and Tennis and the Deerpark clubs, making the first holder of that name feel like a sort of dowager.

Last Summer, as usual, I sent my furniture over to the cabana in the Creek Club and found that it had already been furnished by the first Mrs. Dunning. Under the rules of the club only a wife is permitted to use the cabana, yet she had been permitted to take possession. I pointed this out to the authorities of the club. They offered me another cabana, but I refused."

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to inform her friends and acquaintances of the following:

"1.—The divorce obtained by Henry W. Lowe from Mrs. Henry W. Lowe in Nevada is illegal."

"2.—His marriage to Mrs. Kathleen Dunning is illegal."

"3.—Mrs. Henry W. Lowe of 410 Park Avenue is the only legally wedded wife of Henry W. Lowe."

Mrs. Lowe adds that as long as she is living there never will be another Mrs. Lowe. "I'm a good Catholic and I don't believe in divorce," she says. "We were married on November 2, 1907, by Mr. Lavelle. I think it is outrageous for children to have three or four step-fathers and step-mothers. No other woman will ever carry the name of my child's father. Mr. Lowe is well aware of my stand on the matter."

The cruelest blow of all fell when the latest edition of the Social Register was published recently. That official guide to whom to go in society is supposed to be correct and orthodox to the degree. What was her despair when this "social Bible" listed the original Mrs. Henry Wheeler Lowe had been demoted to a mere Mrs. Henry W. Lowe. So exasperated was Mrs. Henry W. Lowe that she ordered her name taken right out of the register and inserted the following proclamation in the daily papers:

"Mr. Henry W. Lowe, 410 Park Avenue, would like it known that Social Register has listed her name incorrectly. They have been notified by her attorneys. Telephone book listing correct."

Yet, in spite of warnings and advertisements, almost everyone persists in accepting the woman she considers an impostor. The reason for this seeming stubbornness is that, according to prime face evidence, Mrs. Katherine Dunning is no impostor, but the due and lawful present Mrs. Henry Wheeler Lowe. Mrs. Lowe is armed with an impressive-looking document in which the Sovereign State of Nevada certifies that he was divorced from the first Mrs. Lowe on October 20, 1931. Mrs. Dunning has a pretty little pink paper, which the same State certifies that on that same date she married Mr. Lowe.

It is all very well to protest that the divorce and marriage based on it are still null and void by ancient law.

lived on my money. I bought the house at \$24 Fifth Avenue, in which we lived until we moved to 410 Park Avenue, as well as our Summer home at Wheatley Hills, L. I."

It does not add to the first wife's happiness to know that her husband is now rated at \$2,500,000, and therefore no longer needs a rich wife. Another bitter pill is the thought that after all she had done for her husband, she "built up socially" the woman who was to take her husband's home and name. This process began in 1916, when Mrs. Dunning was the wife of Clifford A. Dunning, an employee of the same insurance firm in which Mrs. Lowe claims to have made her husband a partner. The two families were friendly, and the energetic Mrs. Lowe set about introducing Mrs. Dunning to the "right people."

"The Dunning's bulk came from Brooklyn and didn't know anybody. I courted them and saw to it that they met the sort of people they ought to know. In 1922 I gave a dinner for the board of governors of the Racquet Club in order that Mrs. Dunning might become a member."

"In 1928 Mrs. Dunning was let out of the firm. Mrs. Dunning got a job. I did everything I could to help them. She used to drop in two or three times a week to see me. The Dunning's were having a hard time and I was nice to them. In 1928, Mrs. Dunning went to Reno and secured a divorce. I still remained on friendly terms with her. It wasn't until several months later that I realized she was making a play for my husband and I dropped her."

"What she wants is a court order forcing the second Mrs. Lowe to go by some other name, any name she can find in the telephone book or invent will be all right. Should she fail, it would be undeniably and for her divorce is very different from the average society divorce. When some unknown girl marries into, say the Vanderbilt family, struts about in society for a year or two and then steps out, consoling by a fat slice of alimony, there is nothing to weep about if a succession of others take her name and place. She contributed nothing much and whatever she received in form of cash and credit is all 'welfare.'"

That is not so in the case of the first Mrs. Lowe who is the daughter of the late John D. Leary, builder of the Harlem River Speedway. She inherited a large fortune, much of which she claims to have spent in keeping up the Lowe establishments and building up that name to social heights. She states:

"When Mr. Lowe married me in 1907 he had nothing. He was getting about six or seven thousand a year. I had an income of \$50,000. We naturally

Europe on her honeymoon. Mr. Lowe suggested that I go, too, as the ocean trip would be good for me. I didn't really want to go but he insisted, going to the trouble of securing Mrs. John Alken, then Miss M. McPartland, one of my daughter's bridesmaids, to act as my companion. He seemed very solicitous of my welfare.

"I called about the middle of May. When I got to Paris I talked to him over the trans-Atlantic telephone.

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Mrs. Lowe has several suits pending in Supreme Court. In one suit she asks for an injunction to prevent Mrs. Lowe No. 2 from appearing as Mr. Lowe's wife. In the second suit Mrs. Lowe asks \$250,000 from Mrs. Kathleen Dunning Lowe for alienation of affections.

Mrs. Lowe is also asking \$25,000 a year alimony in a separation suit, payment of the \$18,000 a year rent on the nineteen-room apartment at 410 Park Avenue, where she lives, and \$12,000 a year more for upkeep of the house at Wheatley Hills.

Mrs. Lowe and his second wife are fighting both cases. In an attempt to please all sides, Mr. Lowe has conceded through his attorney, Martin W. Littlejohn, that his second marriage is illegal and that Mrs. Lowe No. 1 is still his wife. Nevertheless, he had a motion brought before Justice Alfred W. Frankenthaler, through his attorney, that the case be dismissed as it could not restore the first Mrs. Lowe to her former social status nor in any way benefit her and that it case had been brought only to harass the defendants.

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Mrs. Lowe is also asking \$25,000 a year alimony in a separation suit, payment of the \$18,000 a year rent on the nineteen-room apartment at 410 Park Avenue, where she lives, and \$12,000 a year more for upkeep of the house at Wheatley Hills.

Mrs. Lowe and his second wife are fighting both cases. In an attempt to please all sides, Mr. Lowe has conceded through his attorney, Martin W. Littlejohn, that his second marriage is illegal and that Mrs. Lowe No. 1 is still his wife. Nevertheless, he had a motion brought before Justice Alfred W. Frankenthaler, through his attorney, that the case be dismissed as it could not restore the first Mrs. Lowe to her former social status nor in any way benefit her and that it case had been brought only to harass the defendants.

Justice Frankenthaler denied the dismissal motion. Mr. Lowe had had his attorney appeal to the Appellate Division from Judge Frankenthaler's decision in favor of Mrs. Lowe. But whatever the courts decide, somebody will be very unhappy.

"My daughter Marie had just been married," she said "and had sailed for

Europe on her honeymoon. Mr. Lowe suggested that I go, too, as the ocean trip would be good for me. I didn't really want to go but he insisted, going to the trouble of securing Mrs. John Alken, then Miss M. McPartland, one of my daughter's bridesmaids, to act as my companion. He seemed very solicitous of my welfare.

"I called about the middle of May. When I got to Paris I talked to him over the trans-Atlantic telephone.

"Have a good time, dear, everything will be ready at Marionmont when you get back," he told me. Marionmont is our Summer home at Wheatley Hills, L. I. Then suddenly a few days later I got a cable suggesting that I get a Paris divorce. I took the next boat back. He had moved from our apartment to the Ritz-Carlton. I told him then it was just nonsense. I would never give him a divorce. It was against my religion and principles.

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Made a Stage Hit of Their Thwarted Romance



Marika Rokk, the Talented Young Musical Comedy Actress Whose Would-Be Fiance Wrote the Story of Their Thwarted Romance Into a Stage Hit and Won the Sympathy of a Whole City.

BUDAPEST.

PERHAPS the theatregoers of this city would have flocked to the musical comedy "Roast Pigeon," anyway. But it was after they found out that the plot was based on the troubled real-life romance of the hard-working young author and the beautiful and talented star of the production that the "standing-room-only" sign had to be hung out night after night.

In fairness to the author—Laszlo Szilagyi—it should be said that he did not try to cash in on his love for Marika Rokk by making "copy" of their affection for each other.

Basing the plot of the musical comedy—which had its moments of tragedy—on his thwarted courtship of the youthful and extraordinarily comely leading lady was his way of breaking down the opposition of her family and showing that she was always in his thoughts even when he was writing plays.

And because the inside story of the play was the love affair between him and his fiancée, it was certain that she would climb to the



Laszlo Szilagyi, the Ingenious Young Playwright Who Fell in Love With Marika Rokk and, to Break Down Her Parents' Objection to the Courtship of the Young Star, Wrote Their Unhappy Romance Into a Play.

public property, "Roast Pigeon" packed them in, as the saying goes, week after week, and scores of people sent letters and telegrams to Marika's father, many begging them not to throw obstacles in the way of young love.

The romance, in which all Hungary has become interested, began about a year ago when Marika was given a contract to play the leading role in "Cat in a Bag," the libretto for which was written by Laszlo Szilagyi. She was only 17 years old at the time and already had established herself as a dancer and singer of more than ordinary ability.

Mama and Papa Rokk had devoted their time and money to their daughter for five long and expensive years. They, like Marika, lived for her dancing and her singing, and they were certain that she would climb to the

heights. When she made appearances in Paris and other European cities they traveled with her and never let her out of their sight.

And then Marika was signed for the leading role of "Cat in a Bag"—her first really big part as a singing and dancing star. For weeks the play was in rehearsal and during this time she came to know the author of the piece very well. They were together off stage as well as on and it soon became evident to the other members of the cast that the young people were deeply and romantically in love. No one—except Marika's folks—was surprised when Laszlo asked her to marry him.

Papa and Mama Rokk were more than surprised; they were upset and outspoken. They had invested their life's savings in her career and they intended that she should follow that career free from the complications of marriage—and particularly marriage with a young playwright who still had his way to make and might, or might not, achieve success in his chosen calling.

Marika bowed to the will of her adamant parents and, temporarily at least, gave up the idea of combining matrimony with a career. Laszlo tried to allay the pain that was in his heart by plunging into the plot of another musical comedy and almost unwittingly the action of the play evolved itself into a study of the mind of his own unhappy romance.

He called the play "Roast Pigeon" and it was so good that the producers bought it before it was finished and signed Marika Rokk to play the leading role. They knew, and Marika knew when she read her part, that "Roast Pigeon" might well have been called "Marika and Laszlo."

The first nighters got even more of a thrill than they expected, for at the end of the first act Marika was so moved by the speech on which the curtain was lowered that she fainted.

Mama and Papa Rokk had found it inconvenient to attend the theatre that night, or they might have fainted, too, when their daughter (speaking her stage parent's) delivered herself of these words: "I'm in love. For the first time in my life, I'm really in love. I've asked my father to give me fifteen minutes. I've got fifteen. I've achieved success. Can't you see that it is selfish

and cruel and inhuman for you to rob me of the greatest happiness that can come to me—to belong to the man I love?"

The audience applauded heartily and, at the end of the play, when Marika and Laszlo took their bow together, they were accorded a wild ovation. Next day the newspapers had a great deal to say about the new musical comedy hit which was the real-life story of a dazzling young star and a certain talented and lovelorn playwright—and although Marika's folks haven't yet consented to the marriage they are said to be weakening, what with a whole city in on the family secret and on the side of the young lovers.

A Charming Portrait of the Pretty Actress Who Will Go on to Fame and Fortune as a Singer and Dancer—and Have Her Husband, Too.

Bucket That Cost \$40,000

MANY Englishmen, when they read in the newspapers that the directors of the world-famous Victoria and Albert Museum had spent \$40,000 for a little old bucket only six inches high and hardly big enough to hold a satisfying drink of water, were frank in saying that Parliament ought to take a hand in the affairs of the museum and prevent such wanton wastes of money.

But other Britishers who knew something about the little bucket were elated that England had acquired, at a bargain price, a rare and ancient masterpiece of ivory carving which dates back to the 10th century. They were well aware that this Basuto, or holy-water bucket, is one of the four or five such artistic objects ever made and that this one, a few years ago, could not have been bought for less than \$150,000. It is said that one wealthy collector once offered a quarter of a million dollars for the beautifully wrought relic, but that the Russian Government would not consider selling the rare work of art to an individual.

The tiny bucket is literally covered with bas-reliefs depicting scenes in the life of the Saviour. These carvings, which are of a remarkably high quality, show Christ washing

the feet of his disciples, Judas accepting the thirty pieces of silver, the two Marys at the Sepulchre, another representation of Judas hanging himself to a tree, and the Crucifixion.

Who the creator of the masterpiece in ivory is may never be known, for the artist modestly refrained from etching so much as his initials on what probably was the finest antique vessel ever made. But the object is unquestionably dated by the inscription running about the bucket at the bottom. The finely carved letters express a pious wish for the long life of an Emperor Otto who, it is assumed, is the Emperor Otto III, who was born in 980 and died in 1002.

The valuable relic shows its great age in the appearance of the ivory from which it is made, for the once white material has turned somewhat yellow and, here and there, tiny cracks have formed. The carving is intact and not so much as a chip has been nicked from any of the many figures on the object. This new acquisition by the Victoria and Albert Museum will be given a place of honor among the institution's art treasures and, perhaps, be placed in a room by itself.



The Holy-Water Bucket Purchased for the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, With Its Interesting Carvings. One Section Shows in the Photograph Depicting Judas Returning the Money for Which He Betrayed the Saviour.

Weird Symbols of War and Prosperity

TWO of the strangest and most original paintings ever made recently were hung in the art section of this city's Natural History Museum. They symbolize Prosperity, as manifested in the products of the soil, and War, as it might be depicted in fire, cannon, muskets and loot.

From a distance the profiles so oddly composed look like grotesque human beings and it is not until the spectator gets fairly close to the canvases that he can pick out the component parts of the unique compositions.

A study of the face of the character that might be dubbed "Miss Prosperity" reveals the presence of a score of the products of the field and the orchard. The lady's blouse is composed of grain, her nose is a cucumber and her chin is a pear. An ear of corn is her mouth and, appropriately enough, her ear and her cheek is a rosy red apple. Her mouth and teeth are cleverly formed of a half-opened peapod, and her eyes are bright red cherries. Perhaps the artist was painting with his tongue in his cheek when he formed the back of the figure's amplified head with a head of cabbage.

Old Man War is not quite so complicated as Prosperity, but he, too, is a hodge-podge of martial odds and ends that, thanks to the skill of the artist, fit together to

make a recognizable portrait. His head and hair are made up entirely of burning bits of wood, kept aflame by three candles that rise from the base of his neck to just behind his metallic ear. His forehead is a coiled length of fuse, such as was once used on bombs and hand grenades, and his hawk-like nose seems to be one of those gadgets of flint and steel used for striking the spark that sent many a conquered city up in flames. His upper lip is a bundle of wicks, and his jaw is the upper part of an old-fashioned oil lamp that, because of its workmanship, might have been looted from some mansion by victorious troops on a rampage.

Fair Co-Ed Works as Bootblack

ONE of the busiest shoe-shiners in Chicago's Loop is a good-looking young woman who left the campus of an Eastern college to go into a business that would seem embarrassing, if not downright degrading, to the average girl with the background and the advantages of a college education. But this young woman who calls herself Ruth Benton—although she has intimated that "that is not her real name"—is a realist who appreciates that there are not times for anyone who needs to make a living to be sensitive about the manner of picking up the money to provide the necessities of life.

"Many people have asked me if I am doing this for experience," says the college senior, "and I must have seemed to think that I am in this business because I want first-hand material to put into a book or a series of magazine

articles. It is hard for them to believe that a college girl might shine shoes because she failed to find anything else to do and just had to find some way to pay for food and lodging."

But putting a polish on the shoes of students who come along is no information-gathering lark for Miss Benton. She is not collecting experience to put into the Great American Novel, or any other piece of literary work. She is shining shoes to make a living and frankly admits it.

A woman psychologist who had heard of the college girl who took up one of the lowliest of callings, if shining shoes can be dignified by that name, asked the young woman a lot of questions and departed without so much as a shine when she was told pleasantly but bluntly that Miss Benton has only one reason for polishing footwear—to keep out of the bread-line.



The Spirit of War Is Incorporated in This Head, Also in the Museum. Its Parts Include Hundreds of Implements of Death.



The Natural History Museum of Vienna Features This Symbolic Figure of Prosperity, Made Up Entirely of Products of the Field.

Why Athletes Make Such Facial Contortions



Breathlessness.



Exhaustion.



Fatigue.

Extreme Effort.

Prof. McKenzie Studies the Muscles of the Face Which Twist the Features Around and Makes Bronze Models of the Various Expressions

WHY do athletes make such agonizing faces when they are competing in sports? It is customary for a person in great pain to show the agony on his face—but why should a person in a running match, or high jump, or throwing the hammer show about the same contortions of his features as if he had a raging toothache or had stepped on a tack?

Dr. Robert Tait McKenzie, Research Professor of Physical Education at the University of Pennsylvania, who is a physician, a surgeon and a student of anatomy, has studied the subject and is able to answer these questions. Dr. McKenzie was struck with the evidence of emotions as shown on the faces of athletes during violent effort—breathlessness, fatigue and exhaustion as they are expressed in raised lips, the arched eyebrows, the bared teeth, the strained neck and the head thrown backward. And he was further impressed with the fact that the facial writhings of a man in strenuous athletic activity are exactly similar to those of a person in the grip of rage, fear, hatred, surprise, pain, grief and anxiety.

Dr. McKenzie has devoted years to the study of the problem of fatigue in athletes. As a result of his researches, he has completed four masks, cast in bronze, which illustrate the four major phases of his findings. These masks have recently been presented to the College of Physicians in Philadelphia.

Dr. McKenzie first became interested in the facial contortions of athletes when he himself was an expert broad jumper at college. Then and there he decided to see if he could bring some order out of the chaos which surrounded the subject of facial expression of the emotions. The first thing he did was to find out what others had done before him. He discovered the works of Lebrun, the court painter of Louis XIV, whose drawings of faces given by emotion are not of great value; the folios of Physiognomy compiled by Lavater in 1772; the lectures on expression given by Petrus Camper in 1791 and the monumental "Anatomy of Expression," written by Sir Charles Bell in 1806 with shrewd observations and illustrated by his own drawings.

"I soon came upon Duchenne," Dr. McKenzie explained. "He was that French country doctor who first used the electric battery to produce contraction of the facial muscles in order to throw light on this mysterious problem. Finally I embraced Charles Darwin's 'Expression of the Emotions in Men and Animals,' which gave me the stimulus I needed for my work."

"What few people realize is that the facial muscles form a group by themselves, differing from the general muscular system of the body in three ways. Facial muscles do not move bone on bone, but the skin only. They have no sheath, but their fibers lie scattered in the fat under the skin, frequently acting unconsciously and not under the control of the will. Besides, they are specialized parts of the great sheet which is so active in the patient horse that tries to shake off the persistent fly; this sheet is displayed by the tugger who pulls the other muscles through it into the white of the nearby fat and is represented in man by the muscles of his chin and their fibers in the face."

"The facial group is dominated by two pure-string-like muscles, one that contracts and purses up the lips as in whistling, and the other, a double one about each eye, which closes the lids, lowers the eyebrows and produces the crow's-foot at the outer angle of the eyes. Practically all the other muscles of the face are antagonists of these two."

Drawing by Sir Charles Bell, Showing the Wrinkled Nose, Frowning Brow and Snarling Mouth in Rage, Which is Similar in Facial Expression to Violent Effort.

muscle that produces the wrinkles of surprise as the eyebrows are raised. Some people can contract a muscle in their scalp, connected to this frontal muscle, so that they can move their whole scalp and even wiggle their ears. But this, as you know, is a gift reserved for a few. A pair of small muscles draw the eyebrows up and inward, somewhat like raising a curtain, and make wrinkles at the base of the nose and the center of the forehead, thus registering pain. The root of the nose is creased in menace and in rage. All the other muscles of the mouth pull it up or down or over. One raises the upper lip and the nostril in grief. Another raises the upper lip at its outer end to expose the teeth in contempt or dislike, or equivalent to the dog's snarl when he barks at his enemy as he walks bristling toward an enemy.

"The man who is down in the mouth, who pulls a long face, is using the depressor of the mouth angle. When he cries, he uses the depressor of the whole lower lip and a small muscle in the center attached to the jaw and to the skin of the chin, which is the first to tremble in the child about to weep, and which shoots out the lip of the distressed person."

"The muscle of emotion turns the face of fear to terror, of pain to agony and of astonishment to horror as it pulls down the lip, opens the mouth and stands out in ridges from the chin to the upper chest. In the old, these 'depressors' remain when the face is at rest and no makeup can conceal them."

Dr. McKenzie's problem was to examine the action of these muscles under various emotional states and see just what relation they had to the



The Face of the Holder of the Broad Jump Record of South America.



Facial Expression of a Woman Discus Thrower.

athlete's contortions of violent effort, breathlessness, fatigue and exhaustion. He chose to start with the more pleasurable emotions that lead to laughter.

"How does a smile begin?" continued Dr. McKenzie. "By drawing outward and upward the angles of the mouth on both sides and a slight puckering of the eyes that is seldom visible in young people. All the controversy about the 'Mona Lisa' painting of Leonardo da Vinci has hinged on the changing expression of her face. On one side of the mouth is raised into a slight smile; the other is not; and the mood of the beautiful woman seems to change for you depending upon what side of the face you concentrate your attention on. That is the kernel of the entire riddle."

"Now the next stage of the smile consists in the creasing of the cheek and the puckering of the lower eyelid. Babes get this expression marvellously in a quick sketch of laughter. Remem-

Distorted Features of Athletes in a Running Race.

ber all, just as they are in both laughing and weeping where the compression of the heart and lungs by the muscular contraction of the chest walls drives up the blood pressure to the point of seriously endangering the delicate blood vessels of the eye from overdistention. The hammer-thrower or the jumper often does close his eyes at the moment of greatest effort, and the sprinter would do so if only he did not have to keep his eyes on the course.

The nose and upper lip have a snarling expression in this mask. The nostrils are distended and the lower lip is drawn tightly across the clenched teeth, except at the angles of the mouth where there are little pouches caused by the pulling of the chin and neck muscles which stand out like cords. The general expression of the face is repulsive, with teeth exposed as if ready to tear or seize an enemy while the eyes are similar to the way they are in a sneering or laughing expression.

Violent effort resembles rage as sketched by Sir Charles Bell. "Except that in violent effort the eyes are less widely opened and the lips more pulled back. But in all these states of laughter, tears, rage and effort there is a rapid rise of blood pressure. In other words, I would say that the athlete is possessed by a sort of physical rage and the intensity of his concentration on what he is doing or attempting to do is mirrored on his face, which indicates clearly the fury of his effort."

"Pursey has been a subject which has inspired many artists. Rude, in his Marcellus group, on the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, shows it in the furious helmeted figure with upraised sword urging the soldiers, young and old, to water the furrows of their land with the blood of their enemies. Michelangelo shows it in a head with convulsed muscles, flashing eyes and open, shouting mouth, but these two have little in common with the mask of violent effort except in the brows."

"From fury it is a short step to horror and fear, then to anxiety, whether it be physical or mental. When we see a patient in a hospital whose heart is having a hard time keeping up with its vital work, we can see the 'muscle of pain' drawing the brows into that oblique line which signifies sorrow and grief. The brows are closed, the corners of the mouth are drawn down and the upper lip is slightly raised as the nostrils dilate for the intake of each breath. Fear is in the heart and written on the face. This kind of fear can be seen on the face of Laocoon, the Trojan priest who stood against the rearing of the wooden horse sent by the Greeks. Athena, in revenge, sent two serpents from the sea, who wound themselves about Laocoon and his two sons as they were sacrificing on the shore, and they were so strangled that they had to free themselves from their coils by tearing and devouring each other. All show in the oblique eyebrows, the

creasing mouth and the upturned eye of exhaustion. After a long race the athlete feels an increasing uneasiness in his chest after the first exhilaration. This increases until it feels as if an iron hand were clamped about his chest. As his struggle for breath becomes more and more acute, his distress and anxiety increase until they are all but intolerable. This emotion is illustrated in the mask depicting breathlessness.

"When the respiration catches up, the athlete has a respite. This is what is commonly called second wind. He then can go on and take up the fight with the next emotion which overcomes him, fatigue, as it is shown in the third mask. In this emotion rage after a group of facial muscles begin to fail. A slight frown replaces the acute pain shown by the drawing of the eyelids seen heavy, as if with sleep. The cheeks are relaxed and the whole face assumes a drunken and stupid expression. It is the face of intoxication."

"The fatigued athlete could not pucker his lips in a whistle nor raise his heavy lidded eyes. In fact, it is as much as he can do to keep his eyes open. It is in this drunken and stuporous condition that a man may serve in a race and commit a foul quite unintentionally. He concentrates his mind with increasing difficulty until, just before collapse, there comes the emotion of exhaustion, as expressed in the fourth mask."

"Now, for the first time, that frontal muscle in the forehead is brought into use to draw up the closing and paralyzed eyelids. This gives the look of surprise to the face, a surprise which the athlete is not feeling at the moment. The lower part of the face remains unchanged, but to give additional assistance to the eyelids, the head is thrown back so that he looks down his nose and is held balance in this position, which requires the least muscular effort and so helps in this last effort to fight off collapse."

"The expression of exhaustion, in the case of the contortions of the faces of athletes, is entirely involuntary. The violent effort of the runner, the fencer, jumper, sprinter, etc., produces facial contortions akin to rage. Their arrival at a state of breathlessness brings out the expression of pain. Their transition to fatigue gives an expression of intoxication. And the first step, just before collapse, is that of exhaustion. The same physical factors and the same strain upon the nervous system is used in violent efforts as in the expression of emotion. It is the same strain upon the nerves to laughter, pain, anxiety, etc. But the contortion of the muscles of the face in violent effort is not of any particular help to the athlete."

Slew Employer Because Angels Commanded It

SEPHIRIN FONTAINE, 51-year-old farm hand in the employ of Joseph Langlois, a Quebec lumberman-farmer, was an extremely religious man, and gifted especially in his ability to converse with superior beings. So carried away was he in his contact with spirits and angels that when they ordered him to kill his employer on the threat that unless he did so devils would overrun the earth, he finally complied with their unreasonable request and clubbed Langlois to death.

For ten years he had been in communication with spirits, he told the court at his trial for murder at Sherbrooke, Quebec. His first communication with the celestial beings occurred while he was working on the farm of Mrs. Wilfred Beausapient. Before he met Mrs. Beausapient the spirits had not been prone to favor him by their society, but there was something about Mrs. Beausapient that evidently encouraged the inhabitants of the spirit world to trust their secrets to Fontaine.

"Angels told me that in Summer time I was to work for Mrs. Beausapient without pay," he said. And he actually did so. In Winter he worked at the Langlois lumber camp at East Hereford, but in Summer time he returned to the Beausapient farm where the mistress of the house had him completely under her control and where he never got a penny for his work.

"For years and years I gave all my money to her so that she would have masses said," he added. A month before Langlois was killed, Fontaine got a letter which he believed came from the spirits ordering him to kill his employer or devils would invade the earth. The terrified man did not know what to do; he was afraid of offending

the spirits on the one hand and was equally afraid of murdering Langlois. Four days before the killing, when he had been putting the matter off, he got another letter repeating the spirits' orders. This threw him into complete terror.

Several times Fontaine was moved to creep up to Langlois' quarters in the dead of night, armed with various weapons, and eager to deal death to his employer. On each of these occasions, he seemed to feel the presence of angels and other spirits, but always the physical side of him revolted. He could not bring himself to break into the house and begin a struggle. There was the possibility that Langlois would be ready for him, and that Fontaine would himself be killed.

He reasoned, not illogically, that if he were killed, the angels would be displeased, and would not take him into their happy realm without his work, the work of slaying Langlois, having been accomplished. And so, after each night, he returned and always, the next day, was miserable. He would spend hours condemning himself as a coward in the flesh, and he would cry out to the spirits for forgiveness. Then he would think, in his misery, of Mrs. Beausapient.

The thought of her and her disapproval of his hesitancy, always added to his mental anguish. He dreaded the taunts he knew were coming from her and he was afraid. And then, finally, the woman told him that there was only one day left in which to accomplish the death of Langlois. If he failed then, the demons would not only be unleashed upon the whole world, but would have their first fling at him.

Fontaine was completely unnerved at this. He promised Mrs. Beausapient faithfully that he would do away with Langlois the following day. As it happened Langlois was driving into Canada, Vermont, that day and Fontaine accompanied him to the United States town, where he left him and returned on foot across the border to East Hereford. He hid in the bushes by the roadside and lay in wait for his victim. When the farmer passed with his team, the deluded man sprang up on the tailboard and hit him over the head with a wooden club. He told the court that he felt he simply had to do it.

A Montreal alibi testifying as a defense witness said Fontaine was the victim of hallucinations and was not responsible for his actions at the time of the crime. The Rev. Father Bourassa, chaplain of the Sherbrooke jail, testified that Fontaine told him ghosts, spirits and demons lived with him in his cell. Defense counsel produced in court a "spirit" cross before which Fontaine was alleged to have prayed, and ashes of the resurrection, also part of Fontaine's cult, in a paper bag.

He was found not guilty on account of insanity, the verdict being returned by the jury without deliberation outside the court room. But Mrs. Beausapient, who had exercised such a profound control over the poor accused, was charged with conspiracy to kill Langlois and will appear for trial shortly. It was evident, the authorities claimed, that she had much to do with his death and was in fact more responsible for his murder than the demented Fontaine. How much of the spirit communications came from her and how much came from the other world will be the question which her jury will deliberate. The prosecuting authorities assert that most of Fontaine's spiritual guidance came not from above, but from madame herself.

George Washington As Author on Etiquette, Approved Drinking

IT may surprise school children and grownups who have for generations repeated the story of the cherry-tree to learn that George Washington was also the author of the first American tract on how to be a well-behaved gentleman.

Though we think of table manners, good-behavior axioms and methods of acting properly before one's elders as belonging to the men and women who write books and treatises on etiquette, it was really our first President who had the distinction of being the only President of our land who compiled a list of things to do and things not to do in order to make a favorable impression in company.

When George Washington was a young man, he wrote in his boyish penmanship an inventory of "Do's" and "Don'ts" which he entitled "Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation." Its yellowed pages have been gnawed by the Mount Vernon mice; nine of the 110 rules have been mutilated, but the catalogue seems to give a perfect interpretation of the spirit of

European social life as reflected here in Washington's time, a spirit which favored self-restraint, modesty, consideration of others and handsome behavior.

Just why Washington wrote down this code, no one really knows, but it is conjectured that he did so because he himself wanted to make a good impression on the fashionable ladies of the day as well as help the young but rather crude gallants of the South acquire some needed polish.

Washington covered proper behavior both inside and outside the home as well as when visiting strangers. From his admonitions on things not to do, it is easy to see what habits the people of that time were accustomed to.

"Dunking" was allowed by Washington, for he wrote: "If you soak bread in the sauce, let it be no more than what you put in your mouth at a time." He adds: "Blow your breath at table but stay till it cools off."

His further advice in eating ran: "Put not your meat to your mouth with your knife in your hand, neither spit forth the stones of any fruit pie upon a dish nor cast anything under the table. It is unbecoming to stoop much nor one's meat. Keep your fingers clean and when you wipe them on a corner of your table napkin. Cleanse not your teeth with the tablecloth, napkins, fork, or knife, but if other do, let it be done with a tooth-pick."

How far from true politeness some of the Colonial diners must have been, can be gathered from Rule 90, which says: "Being set at meat, scratch not, neither spit, cough or blow your nose except there's a necessity for it." And apparently the men of that time had plenty of appetite, for Washington admonished them that: "Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals, feed not with greediness, cut not your bread with a knife, lean not on the table, neither find fault with what you eat. Put not another bit into your mouth till the former be swallowed and let not your mouth be too big for the food. Drink not nor talk with your mouth full. Neither gaze about you while you are at drinking."

Washington was a great respecter of propriety and applied it to table manners, for he said that it "belongs to the 'chiefest in company' to unfold his napkin and begin first. Furthermore, he warned everyone not to be angry

at the table no matter what happens, since "good humor makes one dish of meat a feast."

Washington thought that everyone should respect the company and presence of others and advised them not to let a humming noise nor drum with their fingers or their feet when visiting. If a man felt a cough, sneeze, sigh or yawn coming on, he was told to do it not loudly but as privately as possible, covering up the ungraceful gestures with a handkerchief or the hand.

Politeness was construed as not sleeping when others spoke, not sitting when others stood, not walking when others stood. In other words, the gallant pays attention to his lady's movements and acts accordingly.

"When you sit down, keep your feet firm and even, without putting one on the other or crossing them. Shift not yourself in the sight of others nor gnaw your nails. Shake not the head, feet or legs; roll not the eyes; lift not one eyebrow higher than the other; wry not the mouth; and bedew no man's face with your spittle by approaching too near when you speak."



Dunking Met With Social Approval in Washington's Day. The Father of the Nation, Himself a Hitherto Unrestrained Social Arbitrator, Wrote: "If you soak your bread in the sauce, let it be no more than what you put in your mouth at a time."

nails clean and short, also your hands and teeth clean, yet without showing any great concern for them. Do not puff up the cheeks, lol! get out the tongue, roll the hands, or beard, thrust out the lips or bite them or keep the lips too open or too closed."

Persons of quality were to be respected, for Washington advised his contemporaries to make a reverence to persons of distinction like noblemen, justices, churchmen, etc., when pulling off the hat to them.

As for demeanor, Washington advised modesty in all things, for he said: "Do not express joy before one sick or in pain. Mock not nor jest at anything of importance. Break no jests that are sharp-biting and if you deliver anything witty and pleasant abstain from laughing thereat yourself. Neither curse nor revile."

On the streets, it was proper to go neither too slowly nor too quickly, nor with the mouth open, nor "upon the toes in a dancing manner." One was not supposed to eat in the streets nor in the house between meals.

And Washington's further precepts about conversation were: "Speak not of doleful things in a time of mirth or at the table; speak not of melancholy things such as death and wounds and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Speak not in an unknown tongue in company but in your own language and that as those of quality do and not as ye vulgar; treat sublime matters seriously."

As for love, the young Virginian did not take it lightly. He advised against any form of flattery and said: "Play not with any that delights not to be played with." And he advised against a royal command that the marriage was in fact usually, but a grave one in grave matters. His last piece of advice was to unfold his napkin in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience.

Life of A Princess Worse Than That of Drudge

THE life of a princess may be romantic and glamorous but she still lacks the privileges and joys which are the right of the poorest little shopgirl. Marriage for love, which is the right of girls the world over has recently been denied to Princess Sara, sister of the late King Feisal of Iraq. By the royal command of King Ghazi, the boy ruler of Iraq, she has been ordered to divorce the man she loves and married just two months ago.

The Princess, who is demure and diminutive, accompanied her late brother King Feisal to London last Summer. There she met and fell in love with handsome Atta Bey Amin, who was first secretary to the Iraq Legation. Atta Bey Amin returned her love and though there was a wide gap between them the two continued to see each other frequently. When the Princess Sara returned to her home she continued to correspond with the young secretary who though a commoner was to her the noblest of men.

Two months ago Atta Bey Amin joined the Princess in Constantinople and the two were quietly married. They then returned to London where they had first found happiness together, and took a flat in Cornwall-Carnden, South Kensington. For a while the dainty young princess and her tall, broad-shouldered commoner husband were seen everywhere together. Although of royal blood the Princess was content to let her husband be the ruler of their destiny. Demure and shy, she allowed him to give all the orders in the hotel and to make all the necessary arrangements for their future life together. Everyone commented on the great love that seemed to exist between the couple.

Then the powers-that-be took a hand. Young Atta Bey Amin found that he no longer had his post in the legation. Then there came a royal command that the marriage was not satisfactory and must be dissolved. It was pointed out in the command that according to Islamic Law—which is observed in Iraq—a Princess is forbidden to marry a commoner.

A millionaire's daughter may defy her father and marry her chauffeur for love, but the code of a Princess would never permit such willfulness. Quietly and with a resignation that bespeaks the hopelessness of fighting the situation, the young couple have announced that they would follow the dictates of their ruler and obtain a divorce.

"Death will hold no terror for us after our separation. It will be a release!" The young husband has said this to his friends.

A bride, shocked by the command which is about to ruin her life and take her from the man she loves, is pre-terred. For days she has been too ill to see anyone. However, the husband has announced that when the envoy arrives from Iraq they will go through with the divorce.

The ceremony which will dissolve the marriage between the Princess and her commoner husband is a very simple one. When the envoy arrives it will be sufficient for Atta Bey Amin to announce his decision to divorce the Princess Sara.

"A divorce you'll" will be all that he will have to say and under the Islamic law the marriage will be at an end. The Princess will accompany the envoy back to Iraq. It is understood that Atta Bey Amin will be reinstated in the legation.

Spanked For Not Looking Good, 22, Takes Papa To Court

MARY ANN BRAUERLE, who is twenty-two, wouldn't cook her papa some pork and beans, so he up and spanked her. Or he poked and spanked her, according to the way the law looks at it, for he took her over his knee in the manner of the nineties and bruised her maidenly dignity by whacking her resoundingly.

Mary Ann didn't like this old-fashioned treatment of a modern complaint, so she left home in a huff and had her papa arrested. She accused him of assault and battery, and the trial, held recently in the Brauerle's home town, Evansville, Indiana, made history. It is still making history, for Mary Ann, tingling yet from the spanking, refuses to go back to live with her father and is going to help her mother get a divorce from him.

Andrew J. Brauerle, who performed the historic spanking, used to be a landscape gardener, but that line became so dull that he got a job as superintendent of Rose Hill Cemetery, where business is always good. That was one of the extra grievances Mary Ann had against her father when the case came to trial—she said she had to live in a mournful house right next to a cemetery, and it would have been bad enough even if he hadn't spanked her.

The judge who heard the case wasn't much older than Mary Ann, so there were even bets around Evansville that he would take her side in the spanking. He was Judge Charles J. Eichel, who set a record for youthful wisdom some years ago when he took the City Court bench at the age of twenty-three. Now, at the ripe old age of twenty-seven, he was called upon to decide the momentous question of when, if at all, a pretty girl should be spanked.

Mary Ann, who has flashing dark eyes, weighs 120



There Was an Argument, and Although Mary Was Twenty-two, Her Father Forthwith Seized Her, She Told the Court, Turned Her Over His Knee in the Age-Old Fashion, and Proceeded to Spank Her in the Conventional Manner—and It Hurt!

pounds and stands five feet two in high-heeled shoes, does not look her age. But that is no reason, she told the court, why she shouldn't have a little womanly sympathy.

"How old are you?" asked the judge sympathetically. "I'm over eighteen."

"Well, just how much over eighteen?"

The judge didn't want to be ungentle, but it was important to decide just how much of a minor Mary Ann was. A father can spank a minor and get away with it, according to the usual common law interpretation, but after a child becomes of age it is customary for parents to use some other form of persuasion.

"I'm twenty-two," said Mary Ann indignantly.

"Ah!" observed the judge, and the people in the court room who sided with Mary Ann were sure that she had scored heavily.

Mary Ann went on to tell of the events that led up to the assault and battery that stung her tender nature. She said her father never did want her to have any boy friends, and that when she did have admirers who were willing to come to see her at the house on the edge of the "marble orchard," as they called the cemetery, her father was rude to them. On the day he caused her physical and mental pain and anguish by spanking her, she declared, he missed his favorite pipe, and accused one of her boy friends of taking it off, misplacing it or hiding it.

"My heavens, what would he want with your smelly old pipe?" she flared at him.

One word led to another a little warmer, and finally Mary Ann called her father a name and he slapped her. With this slap ranking in her soul she was glad of it when her father found that the beans they were to have for dinner hadn't been cooked. He was separated from his wife, and Mary Ann had been keeping house for him.

"Why, I wouldn't cook you a bean if you were starving, you old blank!" cried Mary Ann, according to her father's testimony, so he turned her over and spanked her.

The spanking, as the testimony developed, was of the old-fashioned variety. The 22-year-old girl was stretched across her daddy's knees, and the palm of his hand was used with vigor and effect. To the rhythm of the father's blows, Mary Ann Brauerle was crying and crying, not unlike those of a little girl undergoing a routine case of chastisement. "And," admitted Mary, "Papa packed a mighty wallop."

Most judges, in trying to decide who started a fight, consider an epithet the equivalent of a blow, so perhaps Judge Eichel figured that Mary Ann, even if she wasn't a minor, had started the fight by calling her father a name and castigating the god. But if he used this method of reasoning he did not say as much. He greatly surprised everybody in the court room by saying to the young, lithe sat before him with bowed head:

"Andrew Brauerle, as the faithful superintendent of that cemetery you have taken care of the ancestors of the good people of Evansville 365 days out of the year. It seems, therefore, that this court would take care of you for at least one day out of the year. Not guilty. Case dismissed."

So all Mary Ann could do about it was to prance her petite form over to her mother's house to live. And she is hoping that when the divorce trial comes up she will be able to tell her story of the spanking in such a way that it will have a different echo.

Four Widowed "Cinderellas" All "Sitting Pretty"

Poor but Beautiful Audrey, Martha, Libby and Charlotte,
Who All Married Rich "Princes Charming"—Then
Came Three Pistol Shots, One Knife Thrust
and, Behold, Four Merry
Widows, Living Happily
Ever After



Libby Holman Reynolds, "Torch" Singer, Whose Young Multi-Millionaire Husband Was Found Dying From a Pistol Bullet in Their Home, and Whose Baby, Prematurely Born, Inherits \$2,000,000 of Its Father's Fortune.



Martha Ederton Fell, Formerly of the Ziegfeld Follies, Whose Rich and Fashionable Husband Was Mysteriously Stabbed to Death in a Java Hotel.



Audrey Adair, Former Dancer, Who Shot and Killed Her Wealthy Husband After He Had Broken a Billiard Cue Over Her Head, and Whom the Grand Jury Refused to Indict.

FOUR romances of wealthy "princes charming" who married poor "Cinderellas" did not turn out quite like the fairy story.

The four "Cinderellas" are still living more or less happily ever after, but their husbands all died violently. The four Cinderellas were not guilty. The latest of these golden gentlemen to be "bumped off" was the millionaire playboy, Sheldon A. Clark, 28-year-old son of Commodore Sheldon Clark, of Chicago, oil magnate, well-known yachtsman and all-around sportsman.

Last November his 24-year-old wife, the former dancer, Audrey Adair, entered the billiard room of their sixteen-room mansion at Paulboro, New Jersey, and informed her husband that he had killed her. Audrey was mistaken because she is still alive and in excellent health. She then raised a pistol and put a bullet through her husband's chest. As he fell to the floor, she cried:

"Oh, Shel, I've killed you."

This second statement proved to be more accurate. Mr. Clark promptly expired after murmuring:

"That's all right, Hon."

Nine days later a coroner's jury said it was all right with them too. They had been told that a few moments previously "Shel" had gone up to "Hon's" boudoir and broken a billiard cue over her lovely skull after telling her what a fine "harem" of other beauties he was maintaining. If a "prince charming" wants to live, even unhappily he shouldn't do such things to a red-headed Cinderella. It makes her cross.

This one said that her mind became a blank from the time of the blow until she fired the shot which, unfortunately, was not a blank. Clark had been married once before but did not learn the knock of being happily though married. The first time he was hardly more than a boy and was divorced when scarcely old enough to vote. That wife and their fifteen-year-old son are living quietly in Denver, Colorado. Young Clark was a lieutenant of Marines during the war and seems to have behaved well enough until his grandfather, Congressman Henry Clay Lauderdale, of New Jersey, died, leaving him a great fortune.

At once the young man started "earning money" up and down Broadway, brightening the lives of many a showgirl and even taking up some of Peggy Hopkins Joyce's expensive time. As long as he led this frivolous life with these frivolous people there was no trouble. Then the playboy grew serious, not only falling in love with a sixteen-year-old tap dancer of the

"Rose Marie" company, but insisting on marrying her.

The girl, Audrey Smith, who changed her name to Audrey Adair less than a year ago, and as yet unknown. It did not take Clark very long to persuade Audrey to give up her career in favor of being a millionaire's wife. That was eight years ago and five years passed during which "Prince Charming" and "Cinderella" were supposed to be living happily. As some evidence to support that theory, two sons were born.

Three years ago, when Grandmother Lauderdale died, leaving Sheldon her mansion in Paulboro, New Jersey, the Clarks moved there from Park Avenue, New York, with a large staff of servants and all the trappings of great wealth. As usual, the smaller the town the less privacy, and soon the neighbors heard that behind this showy front all was not so blissful.

Backstairs gossip reported that Sheldon was a "prince" while sober, but that when "lit" he indulged in telling his wife about that "harem." Cinderella did not like that story even the first time, and soon got to interrupting it. Sheldon would then "lock Audrey one" and call it square. As long as he used his fist only, this seems to have been all right, but one day he cut his wife on the hand with a baseball bat and knocked Prince Charming cold.

Mr. Clark should have taken a hint from this bit, on that fatal November 20th, he settled an argument as to whether he should come to dinner or go on with a billiard game by breaking a cue over his wife's head. He left his wife in her bedroom supposedly convinced—but she wasn't. Hardly had he taken a new cue from the rack when she appeared in the door to have the last word and said it with bullets.

The will makes the widow sole beneficiary of his estate for life.

Another "bullet-widow" is the former Libby Holman, "torch" and "blues" singer who married Zachary Smith Reynolds, heir to a \$25,000,000 tobacco fortune. The tragedy of young Reynolds was similar to Clark's in three main points. He was very rich, though a prince of good fellows at times, at others a most disagreeable sort of husband, and also he had been previously married and divorced. At the age of seventeen, Smith had been wedded for a while to Anne Cannon, an actress who shortly received a Reno divorce and the custody of their baby daughter.

At the age of nineteen, the tobacco heir fell in love with Libby Holman, a

striking brunette, aged twenty-five. Compared with the average husband, Libby was no poor Cinderella, because she was already making big money on the stage and radio. However, the popularity of "torch" singers is apt to go out, like a torch in the wind, and even if it should last all her life, Libby could not have hoped to make as much as by saying "yes" to the tobacco "prince."

She finally said it in Monroe, Michigan, where they were quietly married in November, 1921. There were rumors of wild and hectic life from the start, but what else could one expect from a "playboy" and a "torch" singer? Almost from the moment he married his "blues" singer, Smith seems to have gotten the "blues" and kept threatening to commit suicide. Nobody took this seriously, because if he did not like his Cinderella all he had to do was to hand her a million dollars and a ticket to Reno.

Their first wedding anniversary was approaching as the Reynolds were living at their magnificent home "Reynolds," in North Carolina. On the fatal night there had been a large dinner party and all the guests had gone except Smith's young friend, "Ab" Walker, and Libby's chum, an actress, Blanche Burke. In the early hours of the morning a shot rang out and Libby screamed, "Ab!" Walker was the first to hear the noise. Smith Reynolds was rushed to the hospital where he died four hours later. A suicide verdict was given.

But there were strangely conflicting stories as to just how the suicide happened. Another inquiry resulted in murder indictments against both the

widow and Walker. Libby fled to Cincinnati, Maryland, North Carolina and Delaware, not to escape the authorities but to avoid reporters and curious friends who wanted to ask her what really had happened.

For two months she kept silence and then announced that she had always loved Smith, that it was not true that she had given him cause for jealousy, and that it was wicked for his widow and best friend to be accused of murdering him. Reporters found her knitting baby clothes.

Suddenly the Reynolds family declared that they wanted to drop all charges. The indictment was removed and the \$50,000 bail which had been put up by Libby Holman and "Ab" Walker was returned. The State of North Carolina dropped all charges for lack of evidence, and Libby was free. She returned to a home near Wilmington where she stayed until her baby was born in January.

The widow, "Cinderella," announced that she is not thinking about going back on the stage. Certainly she does not need it. In the settlement of the estate Libby received half a million cash for herself. Her son, Smith Reynolds, Jr., received \$2,000,000, the income of which the mother will handle until the child is of age.

"She is too beautiful to be had," cried the lawyer for the defense, of a third "Cinderella."

"Not Guilty!" agreed the gallant French jury, thus officially ending any doubt as to whether the former

Charlotte Isabelle Nash, St. Louis beauty, contest winner, had murdered her husband, the multi-millionaire theatrical manager, Fred Nixon-Nirdlinger, of Philadelphia.

When Nixon-Nirdlinger eloped to Hagerstown, Maryland, in 1924, with his eighteen-year-old bride, he was forty-seven years of age and a man of vast experience in the law courts and on Broadway. Years before, he had taken for his first wife, Tessie Burke, who was playing in his show, "Princess Bonnie." But they were divorced after she bore him two sons, and he later married Lora McKenna, another stage beauty, who had appeared with Raymond Hitchcock in "Miss Bob White." Again a divorce for the wife, this time on the grounds of infidelity. Nixon-Nirdlinger was sued for alienation of the affections of Mrs. Emma Voelker, of Atlantic City, by her husband, Franz, who asked damages of \$150,000 and received six cents.

Yet all this experience did him little good. When he saw Miss Nash as "Miss St. Louis" at the 1923 Beauty Carnival in Atlantic City, he just had to have another wife.

First he sent countess of Maidstone, London. He had inherited a million dollars from his grandfather, Anthony J. Dyess.

Mr. Fell told the investigators that they had set out to dine in the privacy of their room in Solo, Java. She got up to go to the wash basin in the room. While her back was turned she heard a scream, and when she turned around, she saw that John had been stabbed.

"His back went white, it's my fault, I did it!" Martha told the authorities, who called it an "accident." This "Cinderella" will receive about \$100,000 a year for life.

Four pretty, widowed "Cinderellas," all "sitting pretty."

When the late Texas Guinan heard that John Fell had somehow gotten a knife in his heart, she expressed genuine grief.

"Johnny was the perfect night club customer," she observed. "He used to buy everybody in the place a drink and then a meal. He even paid to see the chef eat some of his own food. What a man!"

It was this "pet" of Guinan's who was found stabbed in his hotel room in Solo, Java, where he was stopping on round-the-world trip with his third wife, the former Martha Ederton, a beauty of the Ziegfeld Follies. Only his bride of a year was with him at the time.

In a week the Dutch Colonial officials rendered a verdict of accidental death, the case was closed, and Martha Fell was free to return to this country. Alexander Van Rensselaer by her first husband, John R. Fell, the brother of Mrs. Robert Keese Cassatt, Mrs. Gouverneur Cadwalader and Mrs. Radcliffe, was the cousin of the Viscountess of Maidstone, London. He had inherited a million dollars from his grandfather, Anthony J. Dyess.

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her names, that he had begun to strangle and choke her, and that in desperation she had grabbed the pistol which she kept under her pillow in self-defense and fired it blindly.

The murder case came to trial, "Cinderella," in widow's weeds, told the jury all the mean things her husband had said and done, then fainting. Her mother repeated much the same list and also fainted. It took the jury just ten minutes to decide there was no sin in "Cinderella." The will gives the widow, as long as she remains unmarried, one third of the dead man's millions.

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A Restaurant For Dogs

The Cafe Colisee, in Paris, Offers a Canine Menu Prepared and Served by Special Cooks, Waiters and Dog-Decorated Dishes for Pampered Pets

POUR VOTRE TOUTOU... MADAME.

MENU

- | | |
|--|---------|
| La Pâtée de Bouky.
(Composé, pain, poisson, légumes) | Offerte |
| Le régal de Nica.
(Composé, croquette, carottes nouvelles, viande hachée) | 3. » |
| "Dogs' Vegetables".
(Carottes, pois, nouvelles, haricots verts frais, huile d'olive) | 3. » |
| Le "Caniphos" spécialité Duquesne.
(Carottes, pois, nouvelles, haricots verts frais, huile d'olive) | 3. » |
| Le "Bisca" spécialité Duquesne.
(Biscuits blancs préparés avec farine de 1 ^{re} choix pour chiens) | 4. » |
| La Gourmandise du "Colisee".
(Dessert de bon goût, composé de fruits de saison) | 2. » |
| Le Dessert de nos Toutous.
(Compotée de fruits, dessert pour chiens) | |

Ces pâtées sont préparées avec le soin habituel qui a fait la réputation de la cuisine du Colisee



A Dinner Bill-of-Fare for Dog Patrons.

THERE is only one creature on earth more pampered than the rich Parisienne, and that is her dog. She lavishes affection on some Pekingese, poodle or pug, to the grief of her two-legged admirers, and surrounds the animal with every luxury. Michelet declared dogs were "candidates for humanity" (les chiens sont des candidats à l'humanité), but she treats her flea-bitten favorites as if they belonged to the human race. The result is that Paris is overrun with dog-barbers, dog-bath-keepers, dog-dog-tailors, dog-photographers, dog-beauty specialists, dog-show-directors, dog-doctors and dog-tombstone-makers, who grow wealthy exploiting her extravagant fondness for Fido, or, as the name goes here—Toutou.

Of all the luxuries provided for milady's pet, the most remarkable, perhaps, is the so-called "Dog Restaurant"—the fashionable Colisee Cafe, at No. 44, Avenue des Champs-Élysées, which prints a separate bill-of-fare for the yelping escorts of its women patrons, and employs special uniformed waiters to serve the four-pawed patrons.

M. Le France and Rabu, proprietors of the place, have also hired a famous cook, M. Andre—formerly of the Cafe de Paris—who, with two assistants, prepares the appetizing dog dishes. The establishments' staffs are composed of film actresses, dancers, society darlings, comedienne, professional beauties and courtesans, most of whom are accompanied by some beribboned, perfumed pup.

When Madame, or Mademoiselle, enters the Colisee to dine with Fido, she is shown to a table by the maitre d'hôtel, who presents her with two menus—one for herself, and the other for her dog. As a rule, she first checks off three or four courses for her quadruped companion—the little dicer is always so furnished—and afterwards orders her own meal.

To begin with, the dog is regaled with a bowl of vegetable soup, following which a plate of chopped-up beef or mutton is served, garnished with spinach, potatoes and string-beans. A "specialite" of the house much relished by canine gourmets is rice mixed with morsels of raw meat. For dessert, there are delicious Duquesne cookies and tarts of sugar, which are gobbled greedily. Beverages include milk,

chocolate and "cane-au-lait," though a few dogs have acquired tastes, drinking aperitives and beer, like their mistresses. Paper napkins are at the disposal of the pets. The dog's dinner generally amounts to about 15 francs, not counting the poubelle, or tip.

Garçons, in red uniforms with brass buttons, are swift and unflinching in waiting upon the four-pawed guest, confident of getting a good-sized tip if the "enfant gâté" (spoiled child) receives quick service and courteous attention. But being a dog's domestic proves dangerous, sometimes. One night a hungry fox-terrier, after sampling all the items on the menu, took a bite out of the leg of a waiter named Marcel. The victim, not having reached the "years that bring the philosophic mind," gave the animal a kick, whereupon its mistress complained to the management, telling what a "brute" the servant was, and Marcel lost his job.

In most cases, Fido eats on the floor, out of earthenware dishes artistically decorated with images of the "friend of man," and bearing mottoes such as: "Je suis toujours fidèle" (I am always faithful), "Qui m'aime, aime mon chien" (Love me, love my dog), and "Qui veut avoir un chien, il faut qu'il le nourrisse" (If you want a good dog, feed him).

Some of the lady guests, however, deem it degrading for "Dempson" or "Follette" to eat on the floor like a common cur. Mlle. Marcelle Rahna, well-known danseuse, would never think of permitting "Mah Jong," her prize-winning Pekingese—to dine at her feet, but fondles it in her lap and allers her. "Qui veut avoir un chien, il faut qu'il le nourrisse" (If you want a good dog, feed him).

Among the dog-loving vedettes frequenting the Colisee is Polaire, who recounts in her Memoirs how the sheriff

Early Morning View of the Out-Door Terrace and Tables of the Colisee Restaurant on the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, Paris. Late in the Afternoon and During the Evening the Tables Here and Outside Are Filled With Patrons. Many of Whom Bring Their Dogs for Luncheon or Dinner.



E. M. Andre, the Chief Dog Cook at the Colisee.

turned her out of her Mediterranean villa, at Agay, with her thirteen dogs, and sold her belongings at public auction, because she had not paid her taxes. The co-star of the Scala and Ambassadeurs now lives at Noully with "Gazelle"—a tiny dog six inches long. Last July, Polaire was fined 50 francs by an autobus-conductor for carrying it in her arms and not in a basket, according to the regulations.

Colette, another old-timer, drops in occasionally at the cafe. Since quitting the Olympia and Ba-Ta-Clan, where she appeared as a pantomime artist, she has devoted much of her time to writing books about dogs and cats, and running a beauty-parlor. Four months ago one of her old sweethearts, a ritzman, promised her the "cravate" of the Legion of Honor, but she was refused the distinction because a member of the Grand Chancery thought it would be disgraceful to decorate an actress who once wore a dog-collar with the inscription: "I belong to Mlle. B. . . ." Colette replied that she was the style to wear a "collier de chien" 25 years ago, and cannot understand why this fable of hers kept her from obtaining the coveted "cravate."

Maud Loly, a comedienne celebrated for her profanity and gambling-debts, is also a familiar figure at the Colisee. In 1931, she acted in a play with her lap-dog, but the authors of the piece used her, protesting that the animal distracted the attention of the audience and ruined the effect of their masterpiece on account of the naughty tricks she had taught it. Her pet caught it, and was praised in a long article by Theophile Gautier.



Mlle. Marcelle Rahna, Well-Known French Dancer, Showing Her Prize-Winning Pekingese, "Mah Jong," at the Dog Menu at the Colisee Restaurant.

The "Dog Bar" on the Avenue des Champs-Élysées. Near the Hotel Claridge, Where Many a Dog-Fight Has Taken Place.

The little Rumanian actress, Alice Cocea, and her big \$4,000 Russian greyhound, "Boris," are regular clients of the dog's restaurant. Capricious Alice divorced the Count Stanislas de La Rochefoucauld, declaring she was tired of him, and later, by her faithfulness, drove her lover, Lieutenant Victor Point, to suicide. Her attachment to "Boris," however, remains undimmed. Alice recently was infected by pricking her finger on a lobster claw.

Mlle. Spinely—the stage veteran who tried to expel her tenant, Mr. Cavendish-Bentley, a British diplomat, because she pretended to be disturbed by his entourage of yapping Pomeranian dogs—is known to all the cafe waiters here by the racket her own fifteen terriers make.

The screen star, Mlle. Suzy Vernon, comes often to the Colisee with her diminutive but bellicose Scotch terrier. While it has caused her much happiness, undoubtedly, it has also occasioned her some trouble, for in December, last year, on the Riviera, it bit M. Robert de Beaulain and attacked two police-agents, which resulted in a lawsuit for its mistress.

Another habitue of the dogs' restaurant is Mlle. Nicole de Rouvres, a pretty cinema artiste of 26, who used to bring her terrier, "Lord," to dine with her. Hard hit by the crisis a few months ago, she attempted suicide by swallowing poison in the Bois de Boulogne, and owes her life to the fact that "Lord" began to bark in fright, attracting the attention of two guardians making their night-rounds of the park. They halted a passing motorist and transported the actress to the Beaujon Hospital. Mlle. de Rouvres has now fully recovered from her dependency, yet her felicity is not perfect, as she bitterly laments "Lord"—lost on the night she tried to destroy herself.

The notorious courtesan, Mlle. Yvonne Germaine Fluet, now awaiting trial for the murder of her lover, M. Jean Camuzet, ex-director of Algerian Affairs at the Ministry of the Interior, was the proud possessor of three beautiful dogs—"Diane," "Fouquet" and "Chocolate"—and, previous to her arrest last March, was often seen with the trio at the Colisee.

This restaurant is not the only noted institution of Paris. On the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, a short distance from the Colisee, is the "Dog Bar," a little stone water-trough where the petted quadrupeds slake

their thirst without the aid of any barman.

The bar was the scene of an historic battle in 1923, between "Boby," a Pekingese belonging to the stage beauty, Mlle. Henriquet, and "Bamboulou," the dog of Mlle. Campbell, another theatrical charmer. It seems that the fair owners of the dogs were doing their best to vamp M. Henri Letellier, the multimillionaire, but when Henri appeared at the fight and struck "Bamboulou" with his cane, Mlle. Campbell knew he was no longer interested in her. If he had been, he would not have hit her pet. She understood this action to be his last word to her, and so left him to the mercies of her rival, Mlle. Henriquet.

Besides the dog-cafe and bar, there are numerous de luxe dog "banquets," or bathing-establishments, in the Etoile and Opera sections of the capital. Here the elegant Parisienne carries "Kiki" or "Frou-Frou" to have its fleas washed off, despite the Persian sage's remark that "a dog washed in the seven seas is still a pasture-ground for fleas." And when her beloved needs a hair-cut, she drives it in her car to the "tondeur des chiens," the dog-barber, where it is combed, clipped, curled, manicured and sprayed with costly perfume.

Several times during the year, Fido is taken to some fashionable dog-tailer, like M. Deschreter, for example, and tricked out in a coat worthy of an Aclémicien, decorated with a ribbon like a member of the Legion of Honour, and adorned with an engraved collar. Then the four-footed dandy is generally driven to the dog-photographer and "mugged." If Mademoiselle is dissatisfied with the results, she has them retouched, printed on fine paper and framed for her friends. If she thinks her pet is not pretty enough, she goes with it to a dog-beauty specialist, and has its tail shortened or ears remodelled. And how jubilant she feels at the doken, when "Coco"—off first prize.

The Parisienne's love for her dog passes all understanding. She sings and talks to it, kisses and cuddles it, and cradles it in her arms the way a mother does a baby. Whether she promenades on the boulevards or in the Bois, goes on a shopping tour, to the theatre, "Fido Achate" is sure to follow. Knowing her passion for canine pets, the manager of La Motte-Piquet, recently posted this notice in front of his theatre: "Monday is reserved for ladies accompanied by their dogs."

If milady reads anything, it is certain to be a book written about dogs, or a journal like "Rit et Rac," which is full of pictures and stories dealing with dogs. Her patron saint is either St. Roch, who is always represented as being followed by a dog, or St. Hubert, in whose honour hunting-dogs are officially blessed by a priest on the

third of November each year.

Plutarch tells of a temple watchdog, at Athens, that hunted down a sacrilegious thief and was rewarded by a daily sustenance, at the public charge, the grateful city fathers even ordering priests to take care of it. In their conquest of the West Indies, the Spaniards allotted a share of the spoils to their war-dogs—savages as the demon hounds in Boccaccio's tale of "Don Quixote." The curs of Constantinople, like the bulldogs of the old "Barriers du Combat," at Charenton, near Paris, were excellent scavengers, and saved the city from many a plague.

These quadruped heroes deserved their gaudy and glory, but the rich Parisienne's pet dog—was lazy that leans its head against a wall to bark—does nothing but wag his tail and lob it, is given all creature comforts and treated like a fetish. It is well known that the Princess de Broglie, in her journeys about France, rents sumptuous apartments in the best hotels for her pet dogs—her constant travelling-companions—and that Joanne Aubert, the music-hall actress, alleged in her divorce-suit against Colonel Nelson Morris, Chicago millionaire, that she was unable to properly care for her canine pets with the weekly \$200 spending-money he gave her. Juvenal speaks of Roman matrons who would willingly have sacrificed their husbands to save their favorite lap-dog's life, and women of the same sort might be found in Paris today.

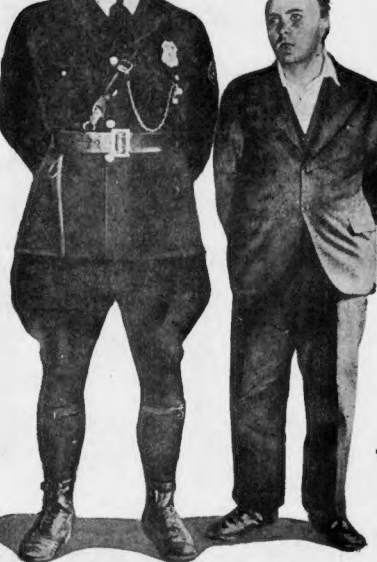
When "Riquet" falls sick, its distracted mistress rushes off to consult a prominent physician. Usually, the pampered pet does nothing but a purr, yet sometimes its malady is so grave that the physician sends it to a veterinary clinic, which is equipped like a hospital for human beings. Here Fido is X-rayed and treated by trained doctors and nurses. Daily the fond mistress visits the sickling emaciated pet, and must stuff it with bonbons if it not prevented.

At the death of her dog, the Parisienne is inconsolable. She bedews remains with tears. Truthfully she might say, as Marston's scholar of his spaniel: "For aught I know, he knew as much as I."

Having paid a dog-undertaker for a coffin for "Coco," she accompanies the funeral cortege to the dog-cemetery of Amiens—the final resting-place of her favorite. This necropolis, on an island in the Seine, was created in 1900, by Mlle. Marguerite Durand, an ardent devotee of animals. Fronde, and a great lover of animals. Her 18 dogs and cats are buried there. The Parisienne pays the dog-embalmer to erect a superb monument to the memory of "Ratapou," with some touching epitaph, like: "regretterai toute ma vie" (I shall regret you all my life) or "Donnerai à tous les chiens jusqu'à mon dernier jour" (I sleep in peace, you will be with me all my life). In the grave of her departed pet, she often seen, weeping and planting flowers.

Druggist Wickman's Singularity Unlucky Wives

That's What He Said They Were After the Fatal "Accident" to His Newest Bride (Insured Like the Others Who Also Died Suddenly) and the New Mexico Police Agree So Completely That They Charge Him With Her Murder



Carl Wickman, Diminutive "Don Juan" Druggist With Jimmie Davis, the Albuquerque Policeman Who Trapped Him, the Police Claim, Into a Confusion.



Marie Burns Wickman, Wife No. 3, in Whose Body Poison Was Found, After Which a Murder Charge Was Prepared.



Bride Killed on Highway

Former She

MRS. CARL W. WICKMAN
A bride of two weeks and former Denver nurse who was struck down by a hit-and-run driver and injured fatally near Albuquerque, N.M.

A PUGGY little man, gray faced, tears streaming from his eyes, walked into the police station at Albuquerque, New Mexico, one Saturday night late in November.

"My wife—she's dead," he sobbed.

Sympathetic policemen soothed him, and finally he was able to tell his story. It was a tale of a hit-and-run driver, and sudden death flashing out of the night on a lonely road fifteen miles north of town. Something had gone wrong with his machine. He and his young wife had gotten out of the car to determine what was the trouble.

"I stepped around to the front of the car just as another automobile roared past," he said. "For a moment the lights blinded me. Then I looked forward and saw my wife crumpled up on the road and bleeding."

The listening policeman shifted uncomfortably as he broke down again.

"We were only married a month ago," he said.

"I am Carl Wickman. I used to be a druggist in Denver. My wife's name was Donalda Chicoine. She was a nurse in Denver."

Throughout most of that long night Carl Wickman sat in the Albuquerque police station. At times he dozed, fitfully, in his chair and the detectives tiptoed softly about their routine, in an effort to let the little man forget his sorrow for a minute or two in sleep.

Turning came, and Wickman was taken to a hotel. Police wanted the driver of the death car. Wickman's suite was towed into Albuquerque from the spot on the Bernadillo road where he had left it the night before when a passing motorist carried him and the body of his bride to Albuquerque.

The surviving wife was left alone. He called the hotel clerk and got notepaper and a pen. He wanted to write to the Federal Insurance Company in Chicago to secure proof papers of his wife's death, so that he could collect one of the two \$1,000 policies he held on her life. But the police didn't know that. They found the letter in his pocket later.

Sunday passed, and Monday. No trace was found of the hit-and-run car that ended the honeymoon of Donalda Chicoine. Meanwhile, in Denver, George and Frank Keith visited the District Attorney's office and talked to Ray Humphrey, an investigator. Wickman, they said, had been married to their mother in Denver four years ago. A short time later, in July, 1930, she died suddenly after drinking an orangeade prepared by her husband who then worked in a Brighton, Colo., drug store.

Frank and George Keith had always been suspicious of that death. Their

mother had seemed too well just a few months before she died so suddenly. Frank Keith said his mother had not been happy during her marriage.

"He is disgusting," the son said she told him once of her husband.

And there was a \$2,000 life insurance policy that was paid to Wickman after the death of Mrs. Rhoda Keith Wickman. Relatives had suspected their suspicions of the second Mrs. Wickman's death, and an autopsy had been held on the body but nothing had come of it. Death had been ascribed to an intestinal obstruction.

But during the years that had followed, their mother's death had rankled in the brothers' hearts and when they read a newspaper account of the so-called hit-and-run death of the fourth Mrs. Wickman, they went to Humphrey.

While they were accusing Wickman of one slaying, County Attorney Ralph Gilchrist, of Vici, Oklahoma, read the story of the killing of Donalda. It recalled to Gilchrist the strange death in Holbrook, Arizona, in November, 1931, of Mrs. Marie Burns Wickman, third wife of the puggy little pharmacist. This Mrs. Wickman had been a Vici girl. Her relatives had demanded an autopsy at the time and this had revealed poison.

In Holbrook, Sheriff O. C. Williams saw the hit-and-run death story, and recalled the mysterious death of Marie Burns Wickman. A murder charge had been prepared against the druggist there, but it had seemed possible that the poison might have come from the child used to embalm the dead woman's body, so the charge had never been filed.

And down in Albuquerque, District Attorney T. J. Mabry, who was pressing the case against Wickman, learned that Wickman, who had told him he had only a single \$1,000 policy on his dead wife's life, actually had two such policies.

"It seems strange," said Mabry. Humphrey, in Denver, thought the same. He wired Albuquerque authorities to investigate the death. Gilchrist in Vici filed a similar wire. Williams in Holbrook, filed a third. The wires arrived Tuesday, three days after Mrs. Wickman's death.

Detectives went back to the Albuquerque hotel where Wickman was taking a nap, preparatory to leaving for Jefferson, South Dakota, with the body of his wife for burial. This time the detectives didn't tip-toe. Wickman was hustled back to the police station and questioned again. He was indignant.

"What?" he shouted at Mabry. "Do you think I would kill my own wife?"

"What did you do to two of your

The Picture of the Fourth Mrs. Wickman Which, Published in the Papers, Was as Though Held by the Hand of Retribution Before the Eyes of Those Who Had Suspected Wickman of Doing Away With Other Wives—and May at Last Bring Him to the Gallows.

"Why don't you pay attention to me?" pleaded another unknown seeker after his favor.

"Am I too old, or unattractive? Just give me a month with you, sweetheart, and I could make you love me forever."

There were letters addressed to Wickman in Central America while he was there several years ago, employed by a chemical manufacturing firm. They were from a fraternal organization threatening to suspend him for wife desertion. There were scores of newspaper clippings about various insurance cases that had reached the courts. There were a number of sample insurance policies and letters from insurance companies in answer to inquiries made by him. But over them all hung the spectre of the poison bottles.

Humphrey went to the home of Mrs. Fred Hessner, in Denver, where Wickman and his bride had stayed a few days before their marriage. He learned that the day before the wedding Wickman had tampered with the steering apparatus on his car. It was the steering apparatus that the druggist said had broken when he and his wife stepped from the machine on the lonely New Mexican road the night she died. Detectives believe he was "re-hearing" for the slaying actually prior to his wedding. They learned that he had changed his religion as readily as he changed his wives, having embraced Catholicism, the faith of Donalda Chicoine.

And they found that Wickman had an inventory for pressed flowers "to remind me of my wives who have died." The day after he married Donalda in Denver, he asked her to press some flowers between the pages of a book. "Then I'll always have something to remember you by," he told her at the time. It had been a grim warning, if only the happy bride could have read it.

In Vici, a second autopsy was held on the body of Wickman's third wife, Marie Burns Wickman, who had died mysteriously. Halliday, again chemist found traces of poison.

"I didn't kill them," persisted Wickman, near-sighing. Wickman, a fat, round man, had been read something grim about that ridiculousness.

"Thank you so much for the awful line presents you sent me. You are so sweet," read another. This letter apparently was from a high school girl. She spoke of her classes and the boys in school. "There is no one like you," she wrote.

go to Alameda, and eventually he had to confess to his young bride out here," was penniless, that his story of starting a drug store was all a myth. The authorities found a letter in the room where they had stayed in Alameda, in the dead girl's handwriting. It told of her happiness over their arrival and of the plans for the drug store. It ended in the middle of a sentence and had been crumpled and tossed into a waste basket.

"She was writing it when I told her that I had fooled her," he told the officers.

Donalda had cried, he said, but finally she had kissed him, and said she would stick by him through everything. That had been Friday night. On Saturday they went in to Albuquerque to seek work, and Donalda applied at a nurse's registry for a possible case. A few hours later the registry actually got her a case, and telephoned her at a tourist camp where the couple planned to stay. But it was too late. Donalda had gone for a ride with her husband—the ride that was to end in death.

But before that, they had gone into a Catholic church and Wickman, "feeling guilty as hell," he said, had told a priest he meant to kill himself.

The father urged him to find some other way than such a cowardly method, out of his difficulties, and told him to make himself worthy of his wife.

"Finally we went for a ride, and we got stuck in a jam," Wickman continued, according to the police. "She got out one side and I got out another, and as I walked up alongside the car I had a fire iron in my hand. She was stopping over looking under the bird of Wickman, and he hit her on the head. Blood splattered up, and I pushed her away from the car. She was to police work. She was a chicken, so he says."

"She never had a chance," Davis declared. Wickman was arraigned and pleaded not guilty, despite his alleged confession. He was nervous and irritable in court. He hadn't shaved. He looked like a fat tramp rather than a man of many loves.

But Prosecutor Mabry wasn't satisfied. It didn't seem right for a man with Wickman's chemical knowledge to use so clumsy a weapon as a tire iron. Mabry quietly ordered an autopsy on the broken body of Donalda Chicoine—the third of Wickman's wives to go to an autopsy.

The vital organs were taken to the Chemistry Department of the University of New Mexico where Dr. John D. Clark, head chemist, was called in to subject them to tests for poison. He found it, he reported. Dondly poison, and in sufficient quantity to cause death.

Now authorities believe that Wickman felt his unsuspecting bride the poison just before the appearance of the tire iron, and that it was a corpse that sat beside the bridegroom as he drove up the Bernadillo road that night, just a month after his marriage. They believe that Wickman had planned the spot he had planned. Wickman dragged the dead or dying girl from her car, struck her over the head with the tire iron, then dragged her across the road to tear her clothes, scratch her face, and make it appear that she actually had been struck by some hit-and-run driver who had careened at night, and back into oblivion.

The authorities believe that Carl Wickman did all that because he wanted the insurance money that he had on his wife. He had been married a few hours after his wife was killed. Perhaps, too, he was ready for a new wife—some one else to press flowers for him to remember her by.

But Carl Wickman had been unlucky with his unlucky wives once too often.

Investors on the Fraudulent Claim to the "\$22,000,000,000 Estate" of the Buccaneer



Sir Francis Drake's Best-Loved Ship, "The Golden Hind," in Which He Sailed Around the World as a Privateer, Collecting Much of the Vast Booty With Which He Enriched Himself and His Queen.

Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad African Jungle?

Film Producer Advertises for a Leading Lady in a Wild Life Movie Who Doesn't Mind Lions, Tigers, Crocodiles, Big Snakes, Poisonous Bugs or the Possibility of Hurling Over the Great Zambezi Falls



Faith Bennett, One of the Young and Ambitious British Actresses, Who Declared Herself Not Afraid of Man or Beast in the African Wilderness. As a Test of Her Nerves, a Rat Was Suddenly Placed on Her Knee, but She Gave No Sign of Being Upset.

LONDON, Jan. 8.
"No, thanks, Papa—I do not wish to be a film star. Give some other girl a chance."

These improbable words were really spoken by Miss Barbara Wetherell, seventeen years old, by her father, M. A. Wetherell, British film producer and director.

The lucky girl has everything—youth, beauty, inherited talent and, best of all, a father who could and did offer her film fame in one bound without the usual heart-breaking competition. Opportunity had not merely knocked at her door, it had jumped up in her lap, only to be scorned like a dog with muddy paws.

When a kitten refuses cream like this there must be a reason, and there was. Barbara did not deny that the part would make her famous, but it was one of those jungle films, and she happened to know it had been offered to several well-established English actresses of stage and screen. All had declined the offer, preferring to keep within easy reach of their limousines, their liveried chauffeurs, trained maids and luxurious boudoirs.

In their replies some mentioned—but all remembered—the sad case of Edwina Booth, who grasped at a similar golden opportunity, rose from an unknown extra girl to fame in one film, and yet is so unhappy over it that she is suing for one million dollars the people who made her famous.

Four years ago Miss Booth, like Miss Wetherell, was blessed with youth, beauty, health and dramatic talent, but, having no friend or relative in high executive circles in Hollywood, the best she could get was \$7.50 a day once in a while as an extra girl.

One day a miracle happened. A big producer offered to do for her just what Mr. Wetherell offers to do for his daughter.

At that point Miss Booth interrupted by saying, "Yes."

If they were going to make a star of her, she would not fuss about anything else. But they insisted on telling her that the picture was to be a film version of "Trader Horn" that it must be taken in the African jungle where lions and crocodiles might bite, and thousands of insects positively would bite. Also there were various tropical diseases, against which they would take all possible precautions such as inoculating her before she started.

Miss Booth was willing to take a chance at being killed if they would only make her famous. They did make her famous and she did not get killed, but she came home such a physical and nervous wreck that stardom was of no value. She is so much worse off that the other day she brought suit for a million dollars damages against the company.

So that is the reason Miss Wetherell told her father to give some other girl a chance. It is too much of a chance. Edwina Booth's tragedy is probably known to every stage-and-screen girl in Europe, Africa and the Americas. Yet when Mr. Wetherell began advertising for a young woman who must not be afraid of lions, tigers, crocodiles, insects, ferals and the deadly tropic sun, he received thousands of replies. As he reproachfully pointed to this heap of mail, his daughter only laughed and went away singing:

"I care not for the stars that shine in Africa's jungle."
To all the candidates that seemed like possibilities, the director replied with a letter laying the dangers, hardships and general horrors on as thick as he could, with a view to discouraging at the start all but the most heartless. Strangely enough this alarming propaganda, instead of causing discouragement, aroused enthusiasm everywhere. All the candidates expressed satisfaction at knowing that there were so many real risks.

They had realized that there must be something like that or nobody would



Helga Moray, Another Young English Actress, Who Is Anxious to Take the Risk of the Jungle for the Reward of Starring in a Movie. The Final Choice Will Be Between Faith Bennett and Helga.

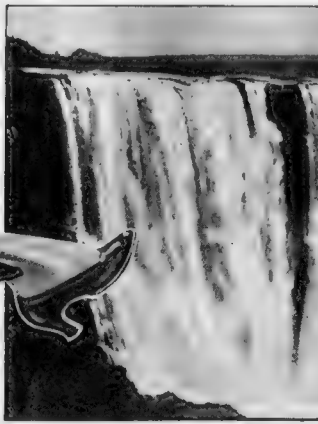


Edwina Booth, Former Hollywood "Extra Girl," Who Went to Africa to Film "Trader Horn" and Contracted Various Tropical Diseases, Which Have Perhaps Made Her an Invalid for Life.

offer to make a star out of an unknown, instead of availing himself of one of the celebrities. If the perils were that awful, they could understand why no established actress would care to take the risk which made the proposition seem reasonable and genuine.

The film is an adaptation of "The Silent Rancher," by Gertrude Page, and is to be taken in the wilds of Northern Rhodesia near the great Victoria Falls on the crocodile-infested Zambezi River. Even if the beasts, the insects and the microbes would agree not to attack, those falls alone might scare a prudent young person into remaining at her typewriter or notion counter.

A sequence of scenes will be taken at those falls when the river is at its



The Famous Victoria Falls. In the Zambezi River, Africa, where the heroine in the Proposed Jungle Movie Must Guide Her Canoe Skillfully to a Rock That Overhangs the Falls. If She Misses, Over She Goes.

but she must cooperate and in order to do this she must understand.

"This applies to medical precautions also. I have seen a woman carefully sterilize a razor blade, and then before using it on her arm, lay it on her slippery while she answered the telephone, without realizing that this defeated all her preparations. Most women regard antiseptic and other medical precautions as a sort of religious purification ceremonial. Our girl must know better."

When the script calls for a scene between the lady and a lion, Mr. Wetherell says little to worry about. The actress will be told exactly what to do and if the "king of beasts" oversteps his part, there will be plenty of armed men ready to restrain him. This is equally true of snake scenes. The occasions which will call for iron nerves and quick thinking are where untrained animal actors butt in.

For instance, as has happened, suppose a lion silently enters the tent at night and wakes up the heroine by licking her face with a tongue that feels like a wet sandpaper—suppose on arising in the morning she finds moccasins placed a bare foot on a poisonous snake. What is a lady supposed to do on such occasions?

In the case of the lion she is supposed to let him keep right on sandpapering her complexion while she presses a button tied to her wrist and connected with dry batteries and a bell in a corner of the tent. The bell will summon Mr. Wetherell and others with flashlight and rifles. Also the strange noise is confidently expected to make the lion forget the girl and investigate.

A snake in her canvas boudoir is handled in similar manner. The lady quietly gets back into bed, presses the button and somebody comes in to shoot the snake. Insects are harder because they are smaller and there are billions of them. Before going to bed she will examine tent, bedding and everything for scorpions, and some of the more venomous spiders. But if one gets onto her pillow during the night and she discovers it, the creature will probably sting. However, there will be a doctor in the camp expert in all the latest scientific methods of healing wounds of the most venomous bites and stings, and besides—she will be insured.

But all that is all the more the reason why the expedition will keep out of the jungle. Mosquitoes are everywhere and so plentiful that everyone must be resigned to getting bitten almost continuously. Some of these pests carry microbes of malaria and other fevers against which the doctor will fortify their systems with quinine and whiskey.

Quite different are the problems of hippos and crocodiles. Scenes showing the heroine paddling in a frail canoe amid these monsters will be interesting to look at in the theatre. But hippos have a playful habit of upsetting canoes. Should this happen the crocodiles will not waste much time in biting off samples of the heroine's anatomy. That is quite all right, because Mr. Wetherell and his technicians will be there with guns of other noise makers to distract the attention of the man-eaters.

The sting worry is none of these things but the tropic sun. In a studio the marvels of makeup and lighting

smooth out the defect of a woman's beauty. Outdoors even the slightest is brutally frank but in the tropic women go around more or less covered up, the makeup man still comes to the rescue but not in the African way.

In the jungle a heroine with a moist up face would look as funny as a man in a dress suit and silk hat. She must present a camera-proof complexion to that cruel tropic light. Therefore the girl must have courage, brains, a perfect form and flawless complexion. This is a rather tall order but Mr. Wetherell thinks he has found exactly who would fill the bill and has allowed her choice down to just two.

It happens that both of the girls had some stage and screen experience, more than that of Miss Booth, but they have not risen high enough to prevent ambition to risk everything for one triumph.

One of them is Helga Moray who recently appeared in "How D'you Do?" Andre Charlot's Revue at the Comedy Theatre in London. Helga is beautiful in face and form and a fine dancer and swimmer.

Her charms are of the elfin type though she is very fair and has a naturally beautiful complexion. Helga has a wistful look about her lips and wide green eyes. The latter have an artistic, sensitive quality, quick to respond to direction. Helga seems to be just the girl he wants but then so does another one, Miss Faith Bennett.

Faith Bennett has also done some film and stage experience in England. She is a little over six feet tall, bright and resourceful. Her nerves are perfect because she is in perfect health, and neither music, makeup, nor spirit can put her off her balance. Her voice is good, and her face and figure perfect for outdoor photography. She can swim, row, and is in splendid spirits over the whole idea.

Her features are very clearly defined, regular and yet vivid, set in a pure oval face framed in a silky bonnet of golden hair that is balding in brilliance and will be very effective when filmed in the bright African sunshine.

Besides the ordinary screen value of these two girls is their intelligence and nerve tests. Various surprises and jolts and shocks were sprung on them and they were watching signs of "jumpy nerves." Amongst things a live rat was suddenly dropped on the ambitious aspirant—but the little creature amused instead of frightened. When the time comes, both were somewhat bored by the director's long list of perils and both replied in almost the same words:

"Yes, I realize all that but you must have good reason to believe that there is at least an even chance of escaping them all or you would not take the chance. I am not taking it. When the time comes, you just tell me what you want and I'll let you do the worrying."

To let them away the time during the filming season, profitably, Mr. Wetherell will have with him a stock company to play in the towns. Some of the cast will also do bits in the town scenes of the film where there is no danger.

"All the girls seemed perfectly willing to risk being killed outright," says Mr. Wetherell. "The only thing that scared any of them was the possibility that sickness might spoil their looks."

Three Weird Nights with "The

Lady Dorothy Mills, the Well-Known Explorer
That Happened During Her Forbidden
Statue of Sekhmet, the Evil Lion-



Lady Dorothy Mills, Fashionable British Society Woman and Explorer of Many Odd Corners of the Earth.

LADY DOROTHY MILLS is the daughter of the Earl of Orford, and well-known both in the fashionable salons of London and also for her expeditions of exploration to remote corners of the earth, where oftentimes no white woman had ever ventured before. Readers of *The American Weekly* will recall a recent article by Lady Dorothy on her experience with the witchcraft of Africa.

On this page today Lady Dorothy narrates a remarkable experience in the ruins of an ancient temple in Egypt on the banks of the Nile.

By Lady Dorothy Mills

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ADVENTURE seems to come into one's life at unexpected moments. Certainly, adventure was the last thing to expect (still less wanted), last year, when I was recuperating from a long spell of illness and unhappiness on old Sam Merrett's comfortable dahabiyeh (houseboat) up the Nile, reveling in the peace and quiet that only the great spaces can bring.

Then suddenly, one lazy afternoon, moored under the crumbling walls of old Abu Behal, Madge Armatage, our fashionable, over-brooded, kind-hearted but not too intelligent chaperone, prey of all the guides along the river, announced her intention of spending that same night in the Temple of Sekhmet, Egyptian goddess of destruction, from the moment when the moonlight, through a little square hole in the roof, would illumine the statue and, according to African traditions, give it its greatest occult power.

In her absence, I, Sam Merrett and George Winters—ex-Indian soldier, our Scottish widower, with no apparent enthusiasms other than his two sons at school in England—discussed the tiresome affair. For in Egypt the dead, as most travelers know, are not things to be monkeyed with.

To explain a little—everyone who has been to Luxor, most fashionable of Egyptian tourist haunts, will remember that at Karnak, magnificent city of the dead, their guide led them at last to the little dark sanctuary where stands the statue—about ten feet high—of Sekhmet, the Egyptian lion-headed goddess of destruction. Several thousand years of time have done harshly with some of the statues in Karnak, have deprived them of their limbs, and effaced their strange hierarchic features. But still Sekhmet stands there intact, seeming to bear through the centuries an undying and destructive hate.

Upright, with her lion's head and slim feminine body, even to my travel-worn imagination she seemed to be alive, still hating, waiting with infinite patience for her moment to kill. Most other visitors have felt the same; in some she has aroused fear, in some a dreadful kind of fascination. Some, especially women, have seemed to feel some strange affinity, a kind of half-shuddering worship; and it is not so many years now that the authorities wisely put an embargo on such visitors who wished to bring her presents and offerings, to spend the night within her sanctuary. For there had been cases of hys-



The Evil Lion-Headed Goddess Sekhmet, Whom the Pharaohs of Egypt Worshipped.

teria, and worse, of minds temporarily deranged and nervous systems shattered.

And yet the goddess has a bad reputation as a hater of children and all weak things. In the old days unwanted children were laid before her image in her various temples along the river, so that they died; and women who did not desire children laid their offerings and prayers at her feet. It was whispered among the less sophisticated Egyptians that though she was the daughter of an infinitely long line of Kings, her mother, though a Queen, was a witch and a wanton, and that the father of Sekhmet was Satan himself.

Howbeit, Mrs. Armatage had been in imagination one of Sekhmet's victims, and at Luxor she had begged me to use such little influence as I possessed among the authorities, British and Egyptian, to let her spend the night in Sekhmet's temple. I had refused! For myself, I had no fear, though I am supposed to be psychic and mediumistic, and am rather hard-bitten in African magic and mysticism, but with Mrs. Armatage, with her intense emotionalism and pervid, almost hysterical imagination, I would take no responsibility.

"It's all tomfoolery!" exclaimed George Winters, as we discussed the matter at Abu Behal where the boat was moored. "We must stop her."

"But how?" murmured Sam Merrett in his sleepy voice. "At Luxor, there are the authorities. Abu Behal is nothing but a half-asleep conglomeration of Egyptians, where I have merely stopped off to replace the two men that ran away lower down river. There's no one to stop her. Also," he added with a grin, "she's 48 if she's a day, and old enough to make a fool of herself if she wants to. It may stop her damned thrills."

"Well, it's up to you," I said. "But if we let her, we must make it a condition that one or more of us does sentinel within reach during her vigil, in case of anything—unpleasant, or she gets 'nerves' or something."

"What a damned nuisance!"

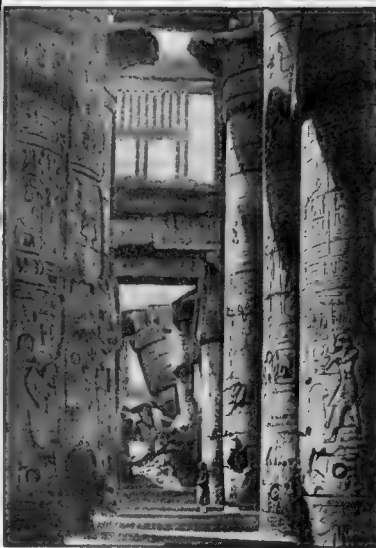
"Nough said! Also if she does, I do it too!" "You!" barked the two men simultaneously. "Yes, to experiment. Oh! I'm all right. Though I'm much younger, I'm tougher and more experienced!" There was a disapproving silence.

"Well," said George Winters at last, "if you do, I shall! Don't laugh! I've followed you round almost everywhere, haven't I? I've no feelings on the subject, one way or the other. I shall take a decent mattress, and get a better night's sleep than in those hard bunks of yours. Sam!"

That evening, when Madge Armatage came into dinner, I was startled at the magnificence of



View of a Part of the Ruins of the Temple of



Impressive View of the Entrance to the Hall of Columns, Karnak, Egypt.



The Approach to the Ruins of Karnak

hard-boiled travelers. And I knew that in the pagan world there are things—

"Don't you worry, little lady," he answered. "Nothing worse will happen to her than a cold in the head—which equally applies to the rest of us. Wake me up if you want anything." He settled himself comfortably in his nest of rugs, and in a few minutes I heard him snoring, while George Winters, scooping slight hollows in the hard sand, arranged himself in the manner of an old campaigner.

For myself, I remained awake for a long while, terribly awake, with every nerve at tension. I was not frightened, but taut and watchful, alert at every sound, every shadow. I had heard many half-substantiated tales of people, famous people some of them, who had dabbled to their detriment in the atmosphere of old Egypt. Quite recently all of us have read in the papers of mishap, of illness, of death, even, to those who have striven to break through the veil of the past. But though the desert air had the sting of sharp teeth, my rugs were warm, and at the end of an hour or two, I, also, had fallen asleep.

It was George Winters who first woke, touching me on the shoulder at the first rosy tint of the foreglow of dawn.

"Listen!" he said, and a sudden fear touched me.

From the temple came the sound of low laughter; or rather of a prolonged uncontrollable giggle that rose and fell, sometimes to the horrid sinister yowl of the hyena, sometimes to a note like the faint wail of a newly born kitten. I leapt to my feet, and the awakening of Sam Merrett was as sudden and complete as was his slumber.

"Hysteria," he said, shuffling out of his rugs and into his overcoat.

"Don't worry," he repeated in my ear as we raced towards the battered temple. "Among other things I've been a doctor, of a sort, and it won't be more than I can deal with, with your help."

All the same, as we burst through the door of the little temple, fear again seized me. And yet everything was the same as we had left it—or almost. Sekhmet stood as before, but it would seem that the rosy glow of the rising sun had deprived her of her malignant air, that her slanting eyes held a faint smile.

At the knees of the evil statue stood Madge Armatage in the attitude of a suppliant, her arms extended and holding forth to the sinister figure a necklace of emeralds and her rings and jewels. And from the woman's lips came mingled laugh-

her appearance. I, of course, was in a simple day suit, but she had donned a formal Chanel model, very low cut, and on her arms and breast and fingers and in her ears gleamed a superb set of emeralds that I knew to be the pick of the jewels she loved so much; and she was perfectly made up and manicured. She noticed my expression.

"One doesn't wait on Royalty, however ancient, dressed like a picnic party," she said, while I suppressed a giggle.

A few minutes found us in the shrine of Sekhmet. The men were yawning, bored by their enforced vigil in the cold, as we installed her on a comfortably prepared couch heaped with rugs, at the feet of the goddess. As we turned to go, in spite of the superb classical sweep of her frock, and the jewels that glittered round her like a kind of halo, I noticed that under her make-up her face was ghastly white, and that her dark eyes had a queer, almost uncanny gleam. I noticed, too, that the rays of the moon, as yet falling but sideways on the statue of Sekhmet, seemed to invest the slanting leonine face of the goddess with a malevolent expression, with a kind of queer sinister life.

"Any qualms?" I asked, "shall I stay for a bit?"

"No," Madge answered breathlessly, and her eyes fixed on the dreadful face on which the glint of the moon crept higher. "Go away, oh! please go away. . . ." Her voice trailed away in the darkness.

"Well," muttered old Sam Merrett, as we settled ourselves with some sandwiches and a thermos in our provisory camp, under the walls of Abu Behal, "here we are in for a beastly uncomfortable night! What about you?" he asked me directly.

"For myself, that it's much more comfortable than lots of nights I've spent in Africa," I answered truthfully. "But about her I am not quite happy."

"Why?"

"Well, she's not quite like the rest of us

"Devil's Daughter"

er, Relates the Strange Things
Midnight Visits to the
Headed Goddess



Karnak, Near the Banks of the Nile in Egypt.



Through a Double Row of Ancient Sphinxes



Lady Dorothy Mills. Photographed on Board the Houseboat on the Nile.

her and crooning and odd falsetto scraps of phrases.

She turned with a snarl, as, at a sharp order from Merrett, George Winters picked her up, all of a bundle, like a child. "It's all right," barked Sam Merrett, "but quick, back to the boat." George obeyed, though I noticed that Madge, her expression suddenly changed to a fiendish, almost frightened ferocity, had ducked her head and bitten him fiercely on the forearm.

"We'll have her right in a few hours," said Sam Merrett. As I turned to follow him, with a practical feminine instinct, in a flash, I hurriedly scooped up the emeralds and other jewels from where she had dropped them, and as I did so it seemed to me that I caught a gleam of burning hatred from the empty eye-sockets of the goddess.

Madge was still fighting like a wildcat, though her strength was growing less, but soon we had her quiet; wrapped in warm blankets by the kitchen fire, heavily stoked; some milk and brandy poured delicately between her clenched teeth, and finally laid gently in her berth, padded with hot water bottles and soothed by an injection from the deft hands of Sam Merrett. Soon the fighting light died in her eyes, and gave place to a reassuring expression of somnolence, her body no longer twitched, her plump fingers slowly unclenched themselves, while Sam Merrett stood over her, feeling her pulse, and gradually her face closed and her breathing grew even.

"A fool's game, but no harm done, though I'll be feeling a bit cheap for a couple of days, if we'll keep her in bed," grinned Sam Merrett, the daily callous tone that hid the kindest wit in the world. "What about bath and breakfast? I need both!"

That afternoon when she was quietly resting on a healthy lunch, I sat with Madge Armatage, who babbled in fragments—as yet she hardly knew what she was saying.

"It was wonderful, wonderful," she murmured. "She is divine. At first she wanted to see me but she couldn't. We both love emeralds, the royal stone of old Egypt, the stones that she used to wear, that increased her power. She wanted my poor jewels, but I had so few to give her. I have promised her my diamonds. Because I gave her the emeralds she loved me, she made many promises. I was so happy. . . . He told me wonderful tales. . . . Suddenly Madge sat up in her bunk, her dreamy expression gone. "I promised not to leave her. She wants me, I must go back to her again. . . . I put up my hand and with slow mesmeric movements gently stroked her forehead and neck and down to her spine.

"No. . . . No. . . . Sleep. . . . Sleep. . . . I mur-

mured rhythmically and gradually she relaxed and lay back in her bunk.

"That's all O.K." I heard old Sam's voice at my back. "That was only a temporary reflex action of the mind. It won't come back. She's too superficial for the thing to hold. Come and have some tea! In a few days she'll be glad to see her parties and her jewels and fine frocks again." He grinned, for I was squatting on the deck, and with the eternal feminine was polishing up the emeralds, removing the sand and scratches on their settings.

"And what about you folks?" he asked presently.

"For me, of course," we answered simultaneously, and George Winters added, ignoring my frown, "and tonight."

"Another two damned uncomfortable nights," Sam Merrett complained good-humoredly, "and rheumatism for me. I am too old for this sort of thing."

But I knew that his perverse old curiosity was all agog, and certainly in the case of George Winters, strong and skeptical, so nerveless and devoid of imagination, there seemed indeed but little need for qualms, physical or psychic. Yet, when the time came, I didn't feel the same. More strongly than before I felt that cold sense of apprehension or pressure like the brushing of clammy wings. Except that I was afraid of being laughed at, I should have begged him to remain on board the dahabiyeh.

Certainly, later with George Winters on the soft mattress he had especially insisted on, wearing a bored and sulky air at the feet of Sekhmet, the night's adventure looked rather silly; and yet in our improvised camp I could not sleep. This time I quivered in every nerve: I felt fear, I felt tragedy. It was only during an uneasy doze about sunrise that Sam Merrett, pulling off my blanket, suggested that we might as well go and have a "look-see."

At the feet of Sekhmet we found George Winters, stretching himself in his nest of rugs, and yawning comfortably with blue unshaven chin.

"Hullo," he called. "What a wonderful night's sleep."

"Felt nothing?"

"Not a thing. What on earth does one sleep



"As we burst through the door of the temple fear again seized me. And yet everything was the same as we had left it—or almost. Sekhmet stood as before, but it would seem that the rosy glow of the rising sun had deprived her of her malignant air, that her slanting eyes held a faint smile.

"At the knees of the evil statue stood Madge Armatage in the attitude of a suppliant, her arms extended and holding forth to the sinister figure a necklace of emeralds and her rings and jewels. And from the woman's lips came mingled laughter and crooning and odd falsetto scraps of phrases."

in a stuffy cabin for, when there's thousands of miles of God's good air all round?"

As we turned to go I glanced again at the statue of Sekhmet flushed with the pale pink of the foreglow. Never on the face of anything alive or carved, have I seen such an expression of vindictive hate, of suppressed venom. And I shivered.

"No luck tonight!" I reflected with grim amusement. "Too tough a nut, for once, to crack!"

Again that afternoon I sat with Madge Armatage, apparently recovered. She looked well and fresh and rested, till, as I told her of the night's doings, and of the evening to come, she laid her hand on my arm, and the old haunted look came back to her face.

"Don't!" she begged imploringly. "Oh, I know I came through more or less all right, thanks to you all. But I learned—things. You may laugh at me for a fool, and perhaps I am. George Winters is George Winters, but you are different. Please don't!" I noticed that her pink, once pretty face looked as if she wanted to cry.

"It's all right," I said soothingly. "I think we have busted the legend of Sekhmet!"

"It's a dull game, spook-hunting," murmured Sam Merrett, as we lounged under the awnings that broiling afternoon. And just as that moment, Osman, our head man, came up the gang-plank with a telegram, which he handed to George Winters. The latter stared at it, and read it a dozen times, as if he did not understand. Then he handed it over to us.

In bold language it announced that his two sons had been killed instantaneously in a motor smash while on a school picnic.

"George. . . ." I murmured helplessly; but he looked through us as if we were invisible.

"Excuse me," he said, and walking down the gang-plank, disappeared into the Western desert that stretches as far as Timbuktu.

"Oh God!" I crumpled up in a heap and cried like a child, while old Sam patted me soothingly on the back. I had no more than a friend's feeling towards George, but for the moment I felt stricken as he was stricken. I knew that those two schoolboys made up for him his narrow universe.

"Those two kids," I said shakily. "They were the only things he cared for, his one human spot."

"Yes, it's cruelly hard," said Sam Merrett. Suddenly I sat upright.

"It's Sekhmet!" I cried, almost shouted.

"Yes, Sekhmet, the Devil's daughter! That was the only way she could hurt him."

There was a silence. "Damn her! Tonight's my night—my chance of revenge."

"You're not going tonight!" said Sam Merrett, and for once I heard a note of authority in his voice that, rarely used I imagined, had rarely been disobeyed.

"Nough said! Two of my friends have been hurt. You can kick me off your dahabiyeh now, if you like, but I am going!"

I shook off his arm, and went to my cabin. Through the little window that looked over the Western desert I could see the lean figure of George walking, as if the furies dogged his steps. Then I saw him walk back, with his usual long-legged military precision, and my heart walked with him.

"Sorry to be late," he said as he strolled in.

Continued on Page 23

Still Seeking Notre Dame's Gargoyle Guarded Treasure



Where the Glances of Certain of the Stone Monsters on the Roof of the Historic Cathedral Intersect, There Lies the Secret Hoard, Runs the Legend—And Now Another Hopeful Group Will Try to Solve the Mystery

THE hideous gargoyles that adorn the roof of the Cathedral of Notre-Dame in Paris have always been a mystery. Why were they put there, in the first place, by builders of a Christian church which during the Middle Ages, when Notre-Dame was built, was taking extreme measures to stamp out black magic and demon worship? Do they guard some ancient secret of the cathedral—a hoard of treasure, perhaps, which tradition has long said is buried somewhere in Notre-Dame?

The French Society for Medieval Research is going to find out the answer to these things, if permission is given to follow out some new lines of investigation in the 800-year-old church. Members of the society believe that the gargoyles of the cathedral have some very definite meaning, apart from merely being grotesque decorations. They believe the gargoyles were placed there to guard a secret—whether the secret is a hoard of gold and jewels or a collection of priceless old manuscripts, they cannot say.

The gargoyles represent devils, birds of prey, dragons, wild animals of all kinds and other grotesque creatures, many of them half man and half beast and none of them appropriate to the teachings of the Christian religion. They would all seem to be more typical of the devil-worship cults that sprang up throughout Europe during the Middle Ages and which brought on the bloody persecutions of witchcraft and heresy that extended almost to modern times. Most of them are depicted with gaping jaws ready to devour their victims. One of them, half man and half beast, is in the act of tearing a rabbit limb from a hind, another is crushing a mouse, a third has a frog in his clutches, while still another, a devil, has plunged his teeth into the neck of a man and is carrying him off.

The monsters are arranged in such a way that they seem to look in every direction. Yet there is a certain system in the arrangement, the experts of the Society for Medieval Research have pointed out. In most cases the gargoyles are placed in pairs, and angles at which they are placed are always different in each pair. Some look directly into a church, while others look in an exactly opposite direction. The scientists believe that this is not a haphazard arrangement, but that by following the lines of vision of many of the inward-looking gargoyles to the point or points where they converge within the church, they may trace a pattern on the floor of the church which may lead to the hiding place of the supposed treasures which the gargoyles guard.

This will be an intricate and costly job of research, for the gargoyles are high up on the roof and corners of the cathedral, and scaffolding may have to be built inside in certain cases so that accurate measurements may be taken to determine the lines of vision of the gargoyle and the points where they



Carving of a Bishop Beside the Doors of Notre Dame Which Points Into Center

Churchmen Remained Because It Was Supposed to Confront the Alchemists' Formula for Turning Base Metals Into Gold, and Which Was Thought to Be "Knowledge from Satan."

converge. When this is systematically carried out, however, undoubtedly some sort of pattern will result, whether it means anything or not. The builders of the Middle Ages followed such methods in designing a structure with secret chambers. The great cathedral in Paris was started in 1163 and the work went on for nearly three hundred years, for it was not completed until 1421. It has been restored and rebuilt in part several times in the course of its history, but the gargoyles have never been touched and the basic lines of the structure have never been changed.

Many of the sculptures in Notre-Dame are symbols of the medieval alchemists, who believed that by magic they could change base metals to gold, and that they would eventually discover a "philosopher's stone" which could give a person eternal youth.

"All the doorways of Notre-Dame are covered with 'typical,' says the historian Saxaul, 'which are em-

blems of the alchemists and give their secrets."

Various other writers of the period testify to the fact that the alchemists of the sixteenth century held their secret meetings in the cathedral. Many of them were later prosecuted for necromancy and other cults which ran counter to Christian teachings.

Nicolas Flamel, an alchemist who lived in the fourteenth century, had his home within the shadow of the walls of Notre-Dame and undoubtedly was familiar with the cathedral gargoyle as anyone has ever been except their designers. He was a great writer and student connected with the University of Paris, but history records that despite this poorly paid occupation he suddenly became immensely wealthy. It has been suggested that the source of his wealth lay in the fact that he discovered the secret of the gargoyles at Notre-Dame and helped himself to some of the hidden treasures. After his death his house was searched thoroughly for his hoard of wealth, but it was never found.

Stirling Heilig, a well known writer, who is an authority on Notre-Dame and familiar with all the legends and traditions connected with the gargoyles, says he thinks it may well be possible to solve their secret by the method suggested.

"When they have calculated the angles at which the beams on the roof of Notre-Dame look down and cast back the converging lines inside," he declared, "they may discover a hiding place which contains neither gold nor jewels, but perhaps ancient secrets and documents without price, or may be a library of the lost Greek and Latin classics, but that would be worth many millions."

"It may be the confessions of a king, facts which will alter history. It may be the old architect's complete plans, elevations, measurements and calculations of the church itself. At any rate, something is hidden within Notre-Dame, and investigation of the gargoyles may reveal what it is."

To the tourist fascinated by the grotesque monster, the explanation is

usually given that they are merely watchdogs, part of the dramatic system of the roof of Notre-Dame. But it is the fact of many that their use as such was only a blind to conceal their real purpose.

They may have a meaning connected with the doctrine of the alchemists, as other carvings within the cathedral have been found to have. One of these is the statue of a Bishop, known as St. Marcelus, on the central pillar of the southern doorway of the main front. On both sides of the statue's pedestal are round ornaments representing the crude and worked states of the various metals, symbols of the alchemists. Below the Bishop is a man with only his head showing in a kind of box from which flames are issuing. Climbing out of this box is the Babylonian dragon, or Mercury of the alchemists, in which all the virtues of the metals were thought to be combined. The end of the dragon's tail is clinging to the man, to show that the dragon comes out of him. The Bishop's feet are placed on an object that looks like the vaulted furnace used by the alchemists, and if anyone could read all the symbols it is thought that they would find some important formula of the alchemist.

But a more curious fact about the statue is that the present one is not the original. The statue put there in the first place was taken down by pious churchmen during the sixteenth century, because in that statue the Bishop's long staff or crozier was thrust into the dragon's mouth. Another figure was put up in which the Bishop's crozier was deliberately shortened, so that it would not reach the dragon's



Eight of the Principal Western Gargoyles On the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, Which Are Supposed to Hold the Key to an Immense Hidden Treasure Within Its Walls.

Another of the Gargoyles—A Demon Denouncing a Man, and Which Is Supposed to Have Symbolic Meaning.

to be portraits of the demon, put there by way of signature.

The gargoyle which is supposed to be a portrait of the demon Bicornet appeared before him and offered to do the iron work for him if he would sell his soul to the Devil. The workman cheerfully agreed to this, because selling out to the Devil was a popular indoor sport in those days, and the next day the iron work for two of the three doors was completed.

But at that time the demon Bicornet had struck a snag when he tried to do the ironwork for the middle door of Notre-Dame. He could not get the ironwork to fit, because this was the doorway through which the Holy Sacrament passed during church processions. So the demon couldn't keep his bargain and couldn't collect the workman's soul at all, and the ironwork had to be torn off. The workman himself agreed to this, because selling out to the Devil was a popular indoor sport in those days, and the next day the ironwork for two of the three doors was completed.

Scores of stories and legends have been told and written about the cathedral, and the most celebrated is more popularly known as "The Hunchback of Notre-Dame." Quasimodo, the hunchback bell-ringer of the cathedral, who had been left at the church as a foundling and had grown up there, was as ugly as one of the gargoyles near which he was frequently seen on the roof. He fell in love with a gypsy girl, Esmeralda, who spurned him because of his deformity, but he rescued her from death when she was about to be hanged for the crime of crying, "Sanctuary." The church was a sacred place where civil law could not reach, except when the king himself came to inspect and control the ancient cult.

Esmeralda was safe in the cathedral for a few days, but the secret word got out that King Louis XI had ordered her taken out by force of arms. Then all the cardinals of the Court of Miracles, the thieves' den of Paris, came to the cathedral, which was not far from the cathedral, determined to beat the king to it, to storm the cathedral and rescue the girl, who had been one of their number. They endeavored to do so, but were beaten back.

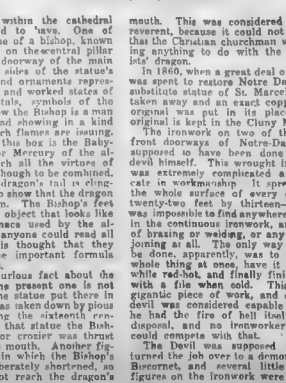
The thieves who were trying to storm Notre-Dame were not so much interested in rescuing the girl as they were in finding out the secret word, the treasure which had been hidden up in Notre-Dame for three centuries.

In 1840, when a great deal of money was spent to restore Notre-Dame, the substitute statue of St. Marcelus was taken away and an exact copy of the original was put in its place. The original is kept in the Cluny Museum.

The ironwork on two of the three front doorways of Notre-Dame was supposed to have been done by the devil himself. This wrought ironwork was extremely complicated and delicate in workmanship. It spread over the whole surface of every door—twenty-two feet by thirteen—and it was impossible to find anywhere a break in the continuous ironwork, any trace of brazing or welding, or any kind of jointing at all. The only way it could be done, apparently, was to cast the whole thing at once, have it wrought while red-hot, and finally finished off with a file when cold. This was a gigantic piece of work, and only the devil was considered capable of it—he had the fire of hell itself at his disposal, and no ironworker's forge could compete with that.

The Devil was supposed to have turned the job over to a demon named Bicornet, and several little horned figures on the ironwork were thought

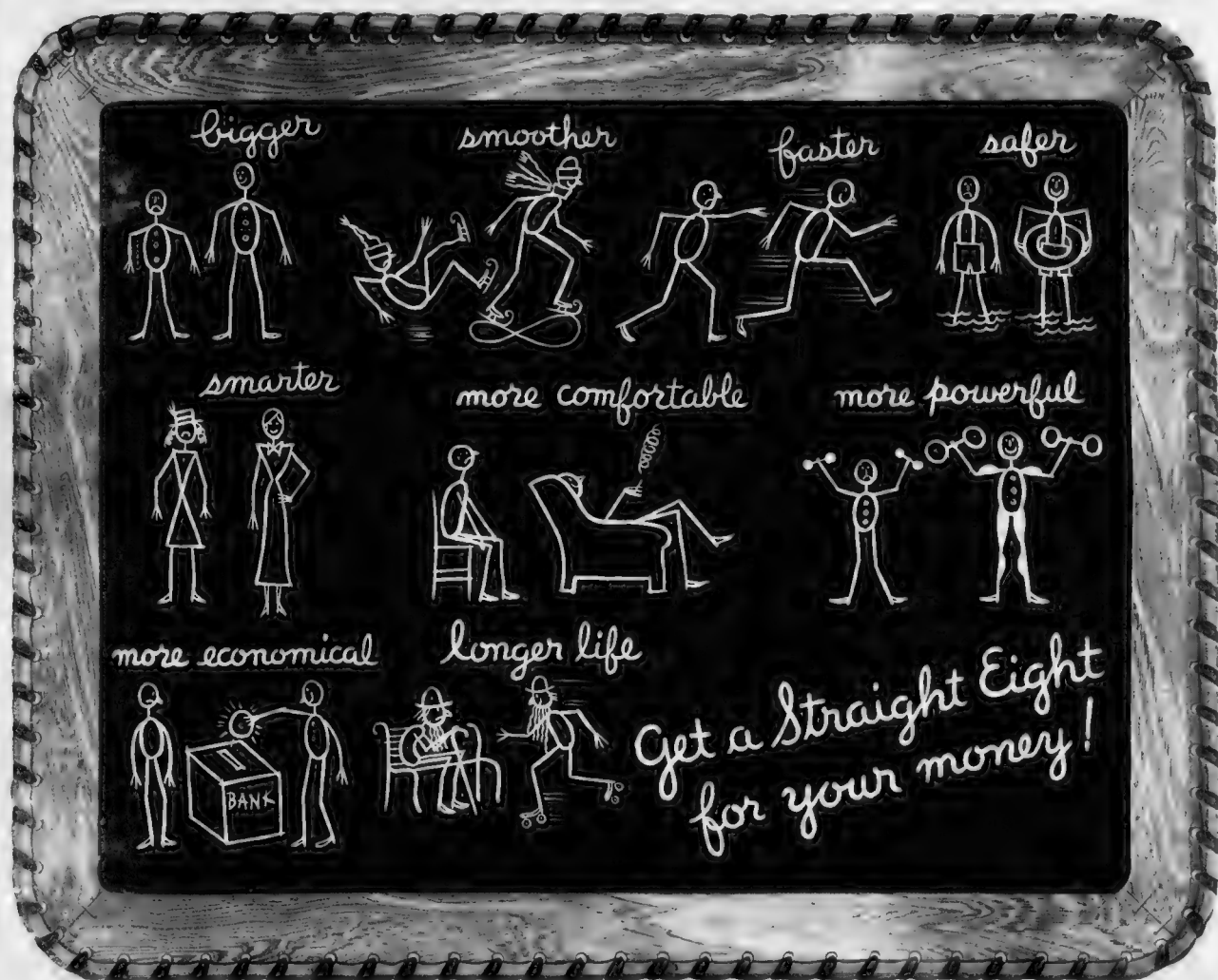
The Ancient Cathedral of Notre Dame, About Which Many Strange Legends Cluster.



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New Pontiac Straight Eight

IT'S A LESSON IN ADVANCED ENGINEERING



BIGGER—Wheelbase is increased to 117 inches. Bodies—Fisher, of course, with No Draft Ventilation—are far more spacious. **SMOOTHER**—Improved Straight Eight Engine, in perfect balance, delivers a velvety flow of power. New Knee-Action Front Wheels contribute to finer roadability. New steering is much easier—all road shock and vibration are eliminated. Smoothness of performance far excels that of any other car of its price. **FASTER**—Top speed is stepped up to 82 actual miles an hour. Pick-up is quicker. **SAFER**—Bendix Mechanical Brakes, K-Y Frame, Starterator, Multi-Beam Headlights and larger Low-Pressure Tires are all new features. **SMARTER**—New grace of design, new colors and modern streamlining add refreshing distinction.

MORE COMFORTABLE—Knee-Action Wheels and soft, matched springs give you riding ease beyond anything you have ever known, even in the costliest conventional cars. **MORE POWERFUL**—Improved Straight Eight Engine, with new high-compression head and full pressure lubrication, develops 84 horsepower. **MORE ECONOMICAL**—New engineering increases the number of miles per gallon by 10 per cent. **LONGER LIFE**—Advanced lubrication, improved engine efficiency and new sturdiness assure many extra years of service.

Join the thousands who are inspecting the bigger, smoother, faster Pontiac Straight Eight Drive it—ride in it. Then you, too, will appreciate that Pontiac has once again set the quality standard in the low-price field. . . . A General Motors Silver Anniversary Value. PONTIAC MOTOR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

Pontiac presents Col. Sennepack and Burd, every Wednesday and Saturday over the Columbia network at 9:15 p.m., E. S. T.

PONTIAC DEALERS EVERYWHERE—SEE THE ONE NEAREST YOU

KOOL

they're mildly mentholated... they're cork tipped...

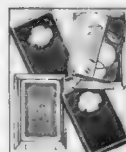
15¢ AND THEY NEVER LET YOUR THROAT GET DRY

It's a good cigarette... that's the first big point. Also, Kools actually refresh you. Try one when your throat is all smoked out and feel the lift you get!

Kools are mildly mentholated. The smoke really is cooler. Hence these cigarettes are better for you at all times. And we manage to add the mild menthol to Kools by a special process that fully preserves the flavor of the fine tobacco.

Cork-tipped. They don't stick to lips. Try a pack. You've got a pleasant experience ahead of you! (Cellophane wrapped.)

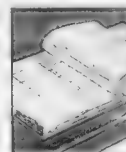
free... **HANDSOME PREMIUMS...** Valuable prizes are tucked into every pack of KOOLS. They're worth getting and saving. Here are four premiums easy to get:



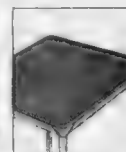
REDUCE CARD. Handsome Co. green Queen of Hearts. 5 Playing Cards. Bridge set. Premiums in cellophane factory bags. A deck for 50 coupons. Bridge set of two decks for 85 coupons.



COPPER COASTS. A silver-plated tray, dishes and an ashtray. Dishwasher. Set of copper with silver metal. Using World. Dishes. A set of 4 packed in a gift box. 85 coupons.



SCORE PAD AND PENCIL. Cigarette a set of 100 in the Cigarette Box and a set of 100 in the Cigarette Box and a set of 100 in the Cigarette Box. Cigarette a set of 100 in the Cigarette Box and a set of 100 in the Cigarette Box.



GREEN TABLE. A 30" x 30" table. Made of wood. On top surface. Easy to clean. Silver-plated. Cigarette a set of 100 in the Cigarette Box and a set of 100 in the Cigarette Box.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER... \$1.30 VALUE... 50¢!

STUNNING CIGARETTE BOX *and* TWO 15¢ PACKS OF KOOLS

BOX... \$1.00
KOOLS... 30
\$1.30 } BOTH for 50¢

This KOOL Cigarette Box is an eye-catching ornament in living-room or on a man's desk in the office. Fifth Avenue shops feature it; people gladly pay a full dollar for it.

It's made of lustrous jet-black General Electric Textolite. Lid rich jade-green; and this lid fits snug to keep cigarettes fresh and moist. Legs and knobs are silvery chromium-plated balls. Holds 70 to 80 cigarettes. As you can see, there's no advertising on it.

To spread the good word about KOOLS, we offer the box and two fifteen-cent packs of KOOLS—ALL FOR 50¢! Sent postpaid to your door.

Our supply of boxes is limited. Act today.

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.
Dept. J, Louisville, Kentucky

Enclosed find 50¢ (stamps or money order or coin—if coin, please protect) for which send me—postpaid—Cigarette Box (no advertising on it) and two 15¢ packs of KOOL CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTES

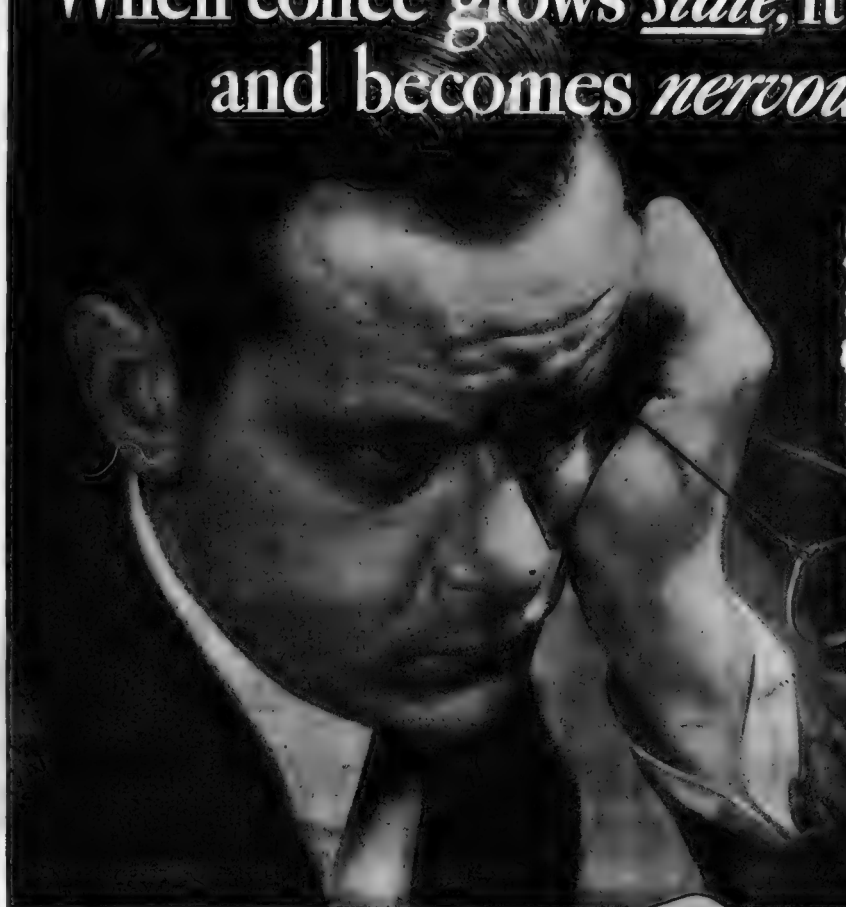
Name _____ (print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Offer good in U.S.A. only)

When coffee grows *stale*, it loses flavor and becomes *nervously irritating*



EXPERT FINDS 56 OUT OF 93 BRANDS OF COFFEE STALE

Fifty-six brands out of a total of 93 brands of packaged coffee purchased in 16 cities throughout the United States were adjudged to be stale, according to an investigation made recently by the Tea and Coffee Trade Journal, New York, N. Y. Ten of these brands were said to be unfit to drink.

The packages were received in New York, were opened and tested in the cup by an expert, the identity of whom the above journal refused to disclose, but who they insisted is one of the outstanding experts in the coffee industry.

The test was made in order to determine how consumption in this country might be increased. It places considerable significance on the fact that the packages selected for the test included some of the most widely advertised brands.

Of the 93 brands selected for this test, 5 were bought in Atlanta, 6 in Boston, 4 in Cincinnati, 6 in Chicago, 5 in Dallas, 4 in Kansas City, 6 in Los Angeles, 6 in Minneapolis, 6 in New Orleans, 11 in New York, 6 in Portland, Me., 4 in Portland Ore., 6 in Richmond, 7 in St. Louis, 6 in Seattle, and 6 others in miscellaneous cities.

COFFEE gives you a feeling of increased power *only when it is fresh*. When it is stale, it contains rancid oil and is often the direct source of a physical and mental irritation which makes you oversensitive to criticism and easily hurt.

The clipping above proves that no matter what you pay for coffee, you run the risk of getting stale coffee.

It means that the only way you can be sure of freshness is to *know* how old your coffee is.

You know Chase & Sanborn's is fresh, because it's *Dated*. Every pound of Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee is clearly marked with the date of delivery, so we know just when the grocer got it and how long he has had it. We see that no can ever remains on his shelf more than 10 days.

The date on the can is your assurance of full flavor, of absolute freshness and complete freedom from the nervous irritation of stale coffee. Start tomorrow drinking Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee.

Copyright, 1936, by Standard Brands Inc.

EVERY MARRIAGE HAS A COFFEE PROBLEM



Don't blame your Husband



Check your Coffee

DATED means it's FRESH



Be first *to surprise family and guests with these* NEW *"SUNKIST"* ORANGE RECIPES!



They're so easy to make
with **SEEDLESS** oranges

BAKED Orange Marie—Orange Crumb Pie—Baked Chops with Oranges! You'll serve them again and again—if you are sure to use the right kind of oranges the first time!

For no other oranges are quite so delicious or are prepared quite so easily as Seedless Navels—the winter Sunkist Oranges from California.

Tree-Ripened Richness

Ripened on the tree in year-round sunshine, they develop a greater wealth of soluble solids. So their juice is *richer*—their flavor *finer*.

Quicker to Prepare

And they are quicker to use. They have no seeds.

They are easier to peel, slice and segment. Their clean, golden skins are highly decorative as basket shells—or in the fruit bowl or centerpiece.

Seedless Until May

Sunkist Oranges are in your market every day in the year. Sunkist Seedless Navel Oranges are available until May. Never be without them in the house, for fresh oranges and fresh orange juice are particularly important in the winter diet.

Help Keep You Vigorous

Oranges contain the vital "protective" elements—the four elements most likely to be neglected in your diet. Their vitamins A, B and C and calcium help keep the body youthfully vigorous.

Nourish Teeth and Gums

Oranges tend to arrest forms of tooth decay and gum troubles caused by lack of protective foods. Improve resistance to infection. Stimulate appetite, and thus aid digestion. Promote growth in children. And help to prevent acidosis of both the acid-ash and acetone types.

The trademark "Sunkist" on the skin and tissue wrapper means richer juice. The navel means no seeds.

Copy, 1934, California Fruit Growers Exchange

FREE!

40 PAGE BOOKLET OF 200 RECIPES! Send immediately for this useful book, containing recipes for all servings listed here, and 200 more. Handy menu-guide index helps you plan family and "company" meals. Tear out coupon now.

LOOK FOR TWO THINGS

1. The Sunkist trademark on the skin and tissue wrapper is your assurance of dependable quality—uniform goodness—richer juice.

2. The Navel is found only on Seedless oranges. When you see the navel outside, you know there are no seeds inside.

Sunkist
means
Richer
Juice



Sunkist Oranges

TREE-RIPENED IN THE GOLDEN GROVES OF CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Dept. 1701, Box 530, Station C
Los Angeles, California

☐ Send FREE, "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day."

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

"Douglas' Cough didn't last two days!"

Favorite Recipes Readers Request

"Can't do a thing with my hair"



Oh Yes! YOU CAN!



Two seconds you can change that untidy, disorderly hair to a smooth, trim, well-arranged coiffure. How? Just by using HOLD-BOBS.

But don't confuse HOLD-BOBS with ordinary body pins that fall out as soon as you put them in. HOLD-BOBS stay! They hold each lock, or wave exactly as you want them. They never scratch your scalp or pull your hair—

Because only HOLD-BOBS have small, round, invisible heads, non-scratching ends, and flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped to hold every lock of hair securely. Insist on HOLD-BOBS always.

Made Only by THE HUMPHREY MANUFACTURING COMPANY 1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. A-14, Chicago, Ill. The Humphrey Hairpin Co., Inc., Canada, St. Michaels, P. O., Canada.

MAIL COUPON FOR GIFT CARD
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Country _____
Copyright 1934 by The Humphrey Manufacturing Company

Fascinating facts of vital interest to every member of the family appear in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

MRS. M. McKENNETT of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "after we followed the advice my Doctor gave me."

"My grandson, Douglas, seemed to have just one bad cough after another," writes Mrs. McKennett. "We tried almost everything. Then, following the specialist's advice to me, we treated his cold with Pertussin, and this cough didn't last two days!"

The inside of your throat and bronchial passages is lined with millions of glands like tiny water faucets, that keep the tissues healthily moist.

When you "catch cold" these little glands stop up. Thick, infected mucus develops. Your throat has that dry, tickly feeling—and cough as you will you can't "raise" a cough.

Do you know how easy it is to get those throat mucus glands back into action? Take Pertussin.

Just a spoonful or two of Pertussin starts the natural moisture of these glands flowing freely. Phlegm is loosened—your throat is soothed, and relieved. Nature with the help of Pertussin then begins to cure your cough!

The scientific extract of a medicinal herb used by doctors for the worst coughs known, Pertussin contains no narcotics, no harmful drugs. And it won't upset the digestion. You'll like the taste of Pertussin, too.

Will you get a bottle today?

DOCTORS GIVE PERTUSSIN to babies—it's safe! "It's wonderful for little children's coughs," writes one doctor. "It always does the trick, and doesn't hurt at all! Try it for your cough!"

PERTUSSIN has been prescribed by doctors for 30 years... it works safely!

SUCH TASTY SANDWICHES I SEASONED THE FILLING WITH LEA & PERRINS Sauce THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

FOR BURNS Unguentine Quick!

Never, never be without Unguentine. It gives blessed relief from agonizing pain, prevents festering and helps heal without scar. Be sure you have a tube.

Gray Hair Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray remedy than follows this simple recipe. To half pint of water add one ounce rum, a small box of Borax Compound and one-fourth ounce of alcohol. Any detergent can be used up to one ounce. Apply to the hair twice a week. Hair turns color at once, and stays that way, making it soft and shiny. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more sensational stories in a year than all the other non-fiction magazines combined?

QUICK HEALING SKIN FOR IRRITATIONS

Stewed Tripe (Old-Fashioned Style).
CUT tripe in pieces for serving, cover with cold water and bring gently to boiling point. Drain, cover with boiling salted water and cook gently until tender. Drain and serve with tomato sauce. To make the sauce melt ¼ cup butter, add ¼ cup sifted flour, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon paprika and blend well. Then add 2 cups rich milk and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Cook over hot water 10 to 20 minutes, stirring frequently. Add the tripe, let stand until thoroughly hot, turn into hot serving dish, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley (if you are sure your family likes the flavor).

Carolina Tripe.
WIPÉ fresh or canned tripe dry in fine bread crumbs and brush with melted butter. Then roll in the bread crumbs. Broil on smooth side until delicately browned.

Luncheon Potatoes.
THINLY slice 2 or 3 cups raw potatoes. Have ready 1 cup grated cheese. Arrange alternate layers of the potatoes and cheese, add ¼ cup milk and sprinkle with salt and paprika. Bake in a moderately hot oven for about ½ hour.

Creamed Chicken in Noodle Border.
WASH 1 package noodles. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, pack lightly in a buttered border mold and bake gently for about 1 hour in a moderately slow oven. Turn out on hot serving platter. Fill center with hot creamed chicken or tuna fish (salmon, halibut, lamb or any left-over meat may be used). Garnish with crisp sprigs of parsley.

Lamb Patties.
GRIND lamb shoulder or breast. Make as many small round cakes as you need. Wrap a thin slice of bacon around each cake and secure in place with toothpicks or small skewers. Cook as lamb chops. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dot with butter. Place on hot serving platter. Arrange alternate mounds of potato balls and diced carrots around the patties. Serve with grapefruit salad and baking powder biscuit rolls.

Cream Cheese Pastry.
CREAM 1 cup butter with 1 package cream cheese. Work in 2 cups sifted flour, sifted again with 3 tablespoons sugar and 2 teaspoons salt. Let stand in ice box over night. Roll thin and use for making cheese wafers, cream straws or tart shells for favorite fillings.

Stuffed Prunes.
SOAK large prunes in water about 2 hours. Drain well, remove stones and stuff with nut meats. Roll in granulated sugar.

Appetizing Menus for the Week						
By Mary Lee Swann						
MONDAY Breakfast Served Poultry Fish Roe Cakes Creamed Potatoes Rice Coffee Lemon-Jelly Buttered Baked Potatoes Spinach Baked Potatoes Tea Dinner Veal Pot Roast Chops with Stuffing Mashed Potatoes Eggplant Pasta Puffs Fruit Salad French Dressing Canned Cake	TUESDAY Breakfast Fruit Scrambled Eggs with Bacon Corn Muffins Coffee Lemon-Jelly Buttered Baked Potatoes Spinach Fruit Trifle Tea Dinner Pineapple Chicken Fried Chicken Cream Gravy Steamed Rice Buttered Baked Potatoes Cauliflower Cranberry Relish Canned Potatoes Combination Salad Fruit Dressing Ice Cream Chocolate Bavarian	WEDNESDAY Breakfast Fruit Omelette French Toast Jam Coffee Lemon-Jelly Buttered Baked Potatoes Spinach Fruit Trifle Tea Dinner Pineapple Chicken Fried Chicken Cream Gravy Steamed Rice Buttered Baked Potatoes Cauliflower Cranberry Relish Canned Potatoes Combination Salad Fruit Dressing Ice Cream Chocolate Bavarian	THURSDAY Breakfast Fruit Omelette French Toast Jam Coffee Lemon-Jelly Buttered Baked Potatoes Spinach Fruit Trifle Tea Dinner Pineapple Chicken Fried Chicken Cream Gravy Steamed Rice Buttered Baked Potatoes Cauliflower Cranberry Relish Canned Potatoes Combination Salad Fruit Dressing Ice Cream Chocolate Bavarian	FRIDAY Breakfast Fruit Omelette French Toast Jam Coffee Lemon-Jelly Buttered Baked Potatoes Spinach Fruit Trifle Tea Dinner Pineapple Chicken Fried Chicken Cream Gravy Steamed Rice Buttered Baked Potatoes Cauliflower Cranberry Relish Canned Potatoes Combination Salad Fruit Dressing Ice Cream Chocolate Bavarian	SATURDAY Breakfast Fruit Omelette French Toast Jam Coffee Lemon-Jelly Buttered Baked Potatoes Spinach Fruit Trifle Tea Dinner Pineapple Chicken Fried Chicken Cream Gravy Steamed Rice Buttered Baked Potatoes Cauliflower Cranberry Relish Canned Potatoes Combination Salad Fruit Dressing Ice Cream Chocolate Bavarian	SUNDAY Breakfast Fruit Omelette French Toast Jam Coffee Lemon-Jelly Buttered Baked Potatoes Spinach Fruit Trifle Tea Dinner Pineapple Chicken Fried Chicken Cream Gravy Steamed Rice Buttered Baked Potatoes Cauliflower Cranberry Relish Canned Potatoes Combination Salad Fruit Dressing Ice Cream Chocolate Bavarian

American Weekly Patterns



A SMART AFTERNOON DRESS (8088). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 38 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material for waist and tunic and 2½ yards for the skirt.

YOUTHFUL AND DISTINCTIVE (8091). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20 (with corresponding bust measure: 32, 34, 36 and 38) and 40 and 42. Size 18 will require 4½ yards of 39-inch material. The belt, in contrasting material, requires a piece of material 5 inches wide and 35 inches long.

PRACTICAL MORNING DRESS (8093). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 and 48. Size 42 if made with short sleeves requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material. If made with long sleeves and in 39-inch material it requires 4¾ yards.

FOR SCHOOL OR BEST WEAR (8103). Designed in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 will require 2½ yards of 39-inch material. Collar, bod and cuffs in contrast will require ¾ yard of 35-inch material.

FAVORITE SCHOOL DRESS (8106). Designed in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 39-inch material, together with ¾ yard of contrasting material.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 25 cents in coin (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES) to:

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS, 11 STERLING PLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS, 11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
BARGAIN DAY.
TWO PATTERNS FOR 25 CENTS OR 15 CENTS EACH.
8088.....But 8093.....But
8091.....Size 8103.....Yard
8106.....Yards
Name _____
St. & No. _____
City & State _____
Two Patterns for 25 Cents or 15 Cents Each.
Send 10 cents in coin for a copy of our NEW FASHION BOOK FOR 1934. Every Home Dressmaker should have a copy of this on her sewing table.

REVEALED FOR YOU her secret of making REAL PLANTATION PANCAKES



After the Civil War, after her master's death, Aunt Jemima was finally persuaded to tell her famous pancake recipe to the representative of a northern milling company. Aunt Jemima legend.

FOR YEARS only Aunt Jemima herself could make these tender pancakes. Cooks on other plantations tried again and again to guess her recipe. But she alone knew the secret of that wonderful lightness, that special flavor. Today her secret is yours—her knack of mixing four different flours, wheat, corn, rye and rice. All her ingredients come to you ready mixed, just as she proportioned them, in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Just add milk (or water), stir, and bake. It's so easy now to give your family those real plantation pancakes with the delicate lightness and old-time flavor that made Aunt Jemima famous. The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.



Every Road is a Reason for Buying THE 1934 CHEVROLET

DANGEROUS DOWNHILL GRADE

but no cause for worry, if you have Chevrolet's big, all-weather brakes and Syncro-Mesh safety shift.

CHEVROLET

If you have yet to see the 1934 Chevrolet, just announced, go straight to your Chevrolet dealer today, and get up-to-date on motoring. Look over the impressive new size and style of this big, new car. Look underneath at those amazing new Knee-Action Wheels. Look inside at the roomier new bodies by Fisher—and beneath the hood, at the

80-horsepower Blue Streak Engine. And above all, be sure to drive the car!

This year, Chevrolet emphasizes as never before: TRY THE RIDE! Don't be satisfied with just a salesroom eye-view. Let the roads tell the big story. The very same bumps and ruts and curves and grades that you've driven so much you almost know by heart will seem totally and

completely different in a new Chevrolet.

Chevrolet for 1934 gives you an entirely new slant on old familiar roads and places. It changes the "feel" of driving. It transforms the whole motoring map! It lets you do things in a car you've never dreamed of being able to do before. Real pleasure driving in a low-priced car is here!

CHEVROLET MOTOR CO., DETROIT, MICH.

SHARP CURVE

Don't worry about sideway here. Chevrolet clings to the road with no tendency to tilt or "lean."

SCHOOL "GO SLOW!"

Chevrolet's big cable-controlled brakes enable you to make quick, sure stops in emergencies.

STEEP MOUNTAIN GRADE!

Chevrolet's 80-h.p. Blue Streak Engine climbs this easily in high gear.

RAILROAD CROSSING

Slow down for trains, but not for the bump... if you ride in a big, full-weight Chevrolet, with Knee-Action Wheels.

BAD MACADAM

Here's where Knee-Action Wheels prove their worth. You can drive fast comfortably over this stretch, in a 1934 Chevrolet.

PRIVATE DRIVE TO COUNTRY ESTATE

Chevrolet perfectly at home in surroundings like these—with its smart modern style and Fisher bodies.

*Drive it
only 5 miles
and you'll never
be satisfied with any
other low-priced car*

GRAVEL ROAD

Full of holes and ruts, but Knee-Action Wheels eliminate all bouncing and pitching.

DETOUR

But don't worry. Chevrolet has long wheelbase, big-car weight, Knee-Action Wheels—to smooth out the bumps.

GAS STATION!

Seldom need to stop here in a Chevrolet. 12% more economical at touring speeds.

TRAFFIC LIGHT

When it turns green, Chevrolet's 80-h.p. engine will flash you out ahead.

PARKING AT CURB

This is easy for a Chevrolet... with its new feather-touch steering.

TRAFFIC JAM

No trouble here. Chevrolet is quick, nimble, and easy to handle.

COBBLESTONE PAVEMENT

Here again, Knee-Action Wheels do their "stuff." No excessive bumping, jolting, pitching or tossing.



Flash Gordon

